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WITH FOUR-PAGE
SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE



Photo. W. and D. Downey.

THE LATE RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES, P.C., D.C.L.

BORN JULY 5, 1853. DIED, MARCH 26, 1902.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

As I write, the full scope of Mr. Rhodes' scheme of Imperial education has not been made public; but it is understood that he has left much of his fortune, if not the bulk of it, for a purpose which does not tally with hostile estimates of his character. At home and abroad there are people who speak of Cecil Rhodes as of some monster who pursued commercial gain with the relentless ferocity of a Jay Gould. And yet there must have been some moral difference between Rhodes and a man who bequeathed no portion of his wealth for any educational interest whatever. There are politicians who glibly assure you that the soul of Cecil Rhodes was stained with all the blood shed in the South African War. That sort of judgment, applied throughout the range of our history, would condemn nearly every man who had extended the possessions of England from the time of Drake and Raleigh. It would put the founders of our power in India into an eternal pillory, and it would make American citizens weep for the iniquities of their forefathers, who dispossessed the aboriginal red man.

One scholarship at Cape Town, already endowed by Mr. Rhodes, illustrates the bent of his ambition. It is a scholarship of £250 a year, to be awarded for literary and scholastic attainments; proficiency in manly sports; qualities of manhood, such as truth, courage, devotion to duty, kindness, unselfishness, and fellowship; the exhibition of moral force and character at school. Rhodes, you see, did not take it for granted that Mr. Kipling's "flannelled fools at the wicket" are incapable of higher exercises. His conception of intellectual manhood was wider than that which distributes the honours of our Universities. This should be granted in justice to his memory, even by the moralists who hold that a statesman should be governed by the emotions of a field-preacher.

Mr. Sidney Lee, who has been lecturing in favour of municipal theatres, has fallen under the ban of the writers who grow purple with wrath at the idea of conducting the British playhouse on any other plan than that of happy-go-lucky commercial enterprise. If they would confine their polemics to showing the difficulties that must be overcome before the theatre can enter our municipal life, they would take a reasonable line. But they denounce the subsidised theatre under any conditions as an evil. First we are told that the public takes no interest in the subject, and could never be induced to patronise the kind of art that such a theatre would strive to uphold. Next it appears that the enterprise would be a most improper competition with existing theatres, and would justify theatrical managers in an outcry. How a subsidised theatre, ignored by the public, could hurt any vested interest we are not told. Any available argument is brought to bear without the slightest consideration whether it does not destroy some other argument. A repertory playhouse, however constituted, would manifestly develop the talents of young players much better than the system which condemns them to play the same parts for hundreds of nights if they are to keep good engagements. But some partisans of this system gravely maintain that it is no use educating clever young actors and actresses, as the stage has no room for them!

When it is pointed out that the municipal theatre flourishes on the Continent, this simple fact provokes first a violent outbreak against people who applaud the ways of the foreigner, and then the assertion that we cannot make the theatre a national affair as the foreigner does. I have known one of the sturdiest opponents of experiment exclaim almost in the same breath, "Down with those who want us to imitate foreign example!" and "The foreigner has an excellent institution, but it cannot be transplanted." The humour of this perversity is that it betrays such dread of an innovation which is declared to be impossible. The London County Council is invited to set up as a memorial of Shakspeare in the new avenue from the Strand to Holborn a model of an Elizabethan theatre. I expect to see this project furiously assailed, lest it should tempt the Council to undertake theatrical management. A playhouse subsidised out of rates or taxes may be impossible in London; but why should it be criminal to raise the subsidy by private enterprise? The psychology of the opposition is an interesting study. It seems to be rooted in the belief that no minority has a right to carry on any entertainment which is condemned or avoided by the majority. If most playgoers dislike a piece, the manager has to change the bill; but if he had a subsidy he might snap his fingers at the compact majority, and appeal to the faithful few.

Indeed, I have seen it gravely argued that the majority ought to prevail in art as in politics, and that no subsidy should be allowed to save from popular censure or neglect a work of art which a few misguided persons chose to admire. This argument, pushed home, would close the National Gallery, which certainly does not appeal to the compact majority. Some dramatic critics seem to regard the subsidy as an impertinent obstacle to the exercise of their authority. When they

interpret the popular taste, there should be no appeal against their fiat; and the idea of a play going on in spite of them by help of an endowment fund is flat burglary, and not to be endured. But, as Mr. Hamilton Fyfe has pointed out, a repertory theatre would not be always challenging criticism by producing new plays. It would revive some of the best works of living dramatists, plays now on the shelf because the compact majority is supposed to demand perpetual novelty. There must be a considerable number of playgoers who have never seen them; but Mr. Fyfe is sure to be told that his proposal is an outrageous invasion of the rights of managers who would like to revive those plays, but have no guarantee against the possible indifference of the public. The subsidy is a guarantee; but, as every manager cannot share it, why, of course, it is immoral.

Immoral, too, is the conduct of a Swiss gentleman who has lately been mulcted in costs amounting to £80 by the authorities at Geneva. His offence was that he kissed a young woman on the public highway without her consent. She was modestly taking the air when this intruder upon maiden meditation incontinently bounced in her way, and saluted her blushing cheek. Sternly called to account, he acknowledged his fault with remorse, but affirmed that his temperament compelled him to kiss a pretty face whenever he saw it. This philosophy is indefensible now; but if the Swiss amorist had lived in the time of Erasmus, and had accompanied that scholar to England, he would have gratified his temperament without costs or even odium. Erasmus gives a pretty account in his correspondence of the English kiss of peace. Whenever he entered a household, all the comely daughters stood up to be kissed by the visitor, and when he took his departure the pleasing ceremony was repeated. There is nothing in the correspondence to show that it was intermitted during his stay. And all this was consistent with the decorum of English country life in the sixteenth century. How the Swiss gentleman must wish that he had been born in that century!

There are places, of course, in which manners could never have been easy in any century. There is the island of Lewis, for example, which is torn at this moment by a controversy that would have delighted John Knox. Some of the islanders sing hymns, and they are regarded as no better than the heathen by their neighbours who sing psalms. Feeling runs so high that the psalmists and the hymnologists boycott one another. A pastor has had his windows broken, and potato-patches are desecrated in the night. Maidens of Lewis express in song their resolve never to be married if the marriage rites must be celebrated by a divine who countenances hymns with an organ accompaniment. Lewis furnishes many sturdy recruits for the Militia and the Naval Reserve, and I read that the Militiamen and their comrade sea-dogs take an active part in the struggle between hymns and psalms. What would happen to Mr. Sidney Lee if he were to lecture in Lewis on the municipal theatre? I fear the psalmists and the hymnologists would unite for the purpose of stoning him. It is lucky that the Naval Reserve men from that island do not make it a condition of joining the service that the First Lord of the Admiralty shall explain his views of Hymns Ancient and Modern. They would sail the stormy main wherever duty might direct, and never give a thought to the alleged profanity of organs; but as soon as they returned to Lewis they would remember that this was the only question worth debate. For this reason I surmise that a British admiral, going into action, would be greatly cheered to know that a large proportion of his fighting-men came from the island where people would rather die than listen to an oratorio. He would say to himself with a chuckle, "That's the fibre to count upon in the hour of need!"

Touching some points of manners, we must insist that we are living in the twentieth century. I see that one of the magnates who manipulate the tobacco market has been expressing the hope that the habit of taking snuff will be revived. He is not very sanguine, for the recrudescence of snuff would mean the abolition of the white pocket-handkerchief. In the days of the old bandanna, snuff left no stain on a man's character; but when the white handkerchief came in, the snuff-box disappeared. You cannot find it now except in clubs, where very old gentlemen sometimes take a surreptitious pinch. I came across it one day, and tried a little snuff upon my degenerate nostrils. When I had sneezed for about a minute, I caught the eye of an ancient member of the club, who was surveying me with a look which said quite plainly, "Ignoble specimen of a decaying race, how dare you tamper with a symbol that represents the convictions of a glorious generation?" I felt the rebuke keenly, because a violent fit of sneezing robs a man of his dignity. But the twentieth century cannot return to the red bandanna even to increase the profits of the tobacco-merchants. I like the snuff-box at the club as a relic of the past, just as I like to see a stout member of Parliament in a Court suit on Levée day. But if he should wear a cocked hat and knee-breeches every day, I should say, "My dear friend, any attempt to escape from your proper century makes you a sad spectacle. Go home, lock those garments in a cupboard, and send me the key."

THE RIGHT HON. CECIL J. RHODES.

The Right Hon. Cecil John Rhodes, the "Colossus" of South Africa, died, March 26, at the house at Muizenburg to which he had been removed for the benefit of the cooler air. His ill-health as a boy first decided his father, the Rev. F. Rhodes, vicar of Bishop Stortford, Hertfordshire, to send him out for a voyage to the Cape. When, therefore, he was eighteen years of age—and that was in 1871—he joined his elder brother, Herbert, in Natal. A year later he returned to England; and he had matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford, when once more his lungs began to trouble him. Under the circumstances, nothing seemed left but that he should again go out to South Africa; and there, sure enough, he found awaiting him a career that gave him not only fortune, but an enduring fame.

Not content with the title of "Diamond King," which his luck soon conferred on him at Kimberley, Mr. Rhodes sought from an early part of his career to enter Colonial politics and to influence the policy of Downing Street. "I saw that expansion was everything, and that, the world's surface being limited, the great object of present humanity should be to take as much of the world as it possibly could." "Present humanity," in his vocabulary, might be interpreted to mean British humanity; for Mr. Rhodes, pointing to the map of Africa, and sweeping his hand from the Cape to the Zambesi, was wont to exclaim: "That's my dream—all English." Now and again in off moments, in aberrations of temper, and at times of intense strain, Mr. Rhodes may have departed from that programme. Phrases of his are so quoted, and his leadership of the Dutch at one period is so cited. But in the main, and from first to last, Mr. Rhodes has stood with his countrymen as a pioneer of British expansion and of solidarity in South Africa. He has held aloft the British flag, which he once called "a business asset"; and in that capacity he caught and kept the ear of his countrymen; so that, long after his share in the luckless Jameson Raid has been forgotten, the national memory will recall the touching terms of the telegram sent to him by Queen Alexandra in his last illness. The close relationship between Mr. Rhodes and "Dr. Jim" began in early days at Kimberley. Varied industries outside the mines occupied his attention, and in the midst of many ties thus created in South Africa, he was able to go backwards and forwards to England, where he entered as a law student at Lincoln's Inn in 1876, and took his M.A. degree at Oxford in 1881.

The next step was to enter the Cape Parliament, which he did for Barkley West. Another great experience was his at this period—a meeting with Gordon, between whom and himself there was a frank communication, all the more delightful inasmuch as the two temperaments were utterly diverse. When the General went to Khartoum he asked the hard-headed practical civilian to go with him. The answer was "No"; and thereto hangs a good deal of the future history of South Africa. Taking office, Mr. Rhodes became Treasurer-General of the Cape; and when, in 1883, he was deputed by the Cape Government to deal with the delimitation of Griqualand West, he obtained from Mankorvane, the ruling chief, the cession of a large part of Bechuanaland. The Cape Government would not take over the new territory; and Mr. Rhodes made his first great coup when he persuaded the Home Government to create it into an Imperial Protectorate. The name of Mr. Kruger appears prominently at this time in opposition to that of Mr. Rhodes; and large portions of Zululand, Stellaland, and Goshen were acquired by the President who, in years to come, was to declare war upon our territories. As Deputy-Commissioner of Bechuanaland, Mr. Rhodes had to exercise his wits against the Dutch; and, above all, as a diamond king, had to put some check on the production of diamonds from the smaller mines opened out in the Kimberley district. Thus came into being the De Beers Consolidated Mines. Later, the discovery of gold in the Transvaal led to the formation of the company known as the Goldfields of South Africa. Then followed the British South Africa Company, on which a Royal Charter conferred large administrative powers over a territory of nearly a million of square miles, including Rhodesia (Mashonaland and Matabeleland, in which latter country Mr. Rhodes had obtained concessions from Lobengula), Bechuanaland, and British Central Africa. Difficulties with the Matabele King, who did not wish a pioneer force to pass through his country, brought about a mission, in which Dr. Jameson scored so great a success that he left his doctoring in Kimberley to take up his residence at Fort Salisbury, and eventually, in 1891, to become Administrator of the Company.

The year 1890 saw Mr. Rhodes Prime Minister at the Cape and in close association with the Afrikaner Bond. The Dutch vote was his; and in Ireland the Home Rule Parliamentary Fund received a cheque for £10,000 from his private treasury. Troubles with Lobengula brought about fresh fighting, but the Company emerged with success; and in 1894 Mr. Rhodes, accompanied by Dr. Jameson, visited England, made speeches about a United South Africa, and returned to the Cape a member of the Privy Council. Then came the Jameson Raid, which introduces us to the last stages of that South African policy to which Mr. Rhodes, and Mr. Rhodes alone, for good or for evil, had the power to convert his countrymen. The failure of the Raid led to the capture of Dr. Jameson and his friends, whom the Boer Government handed over to their own countrymen to be tried. It led also to Mr. Rhodes' resignation of the Cape Premiership and of his Directorate of the Chartered Company. It led, moreover, to fresh Matabele troubles, in the subduing of which Mr. Rhodes showed himself at his strongest and best; and it led, finally, as all the world knows, to the Boer War. And that Boer War, the formidableness and continuance of which was as great a surprise to Mr. Rhodes as to anyone, brought official England into line with Mr. Rhodes. He has died with "much still to do," but his name is written not only on the map, but right across a most critical and epoch-making page of his country's history.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"DR. NIKOLA," AT THE PRINCESS'S.

'Somehow Dr. Nikola proves less impressive in the play-house than in Boothby novels or on the familiar poster. His stage sponsors, Messrs. Brand and Landeck, have tricked out their man of mystery—the hypnotist, scientific murderer, world-conspirator—with all the attributes conceived by his author's lurid fancy. And yet at the Princess's Theatre Dr. Nikola is obviously but a penny-plain twopence-coloured villain, who is often enough, in the interests of stage sentiment, made positively ridiculous. It requires all the incisiveness of Mr. Joynsen Powell to maintain this Nikola's dignity, just as the spooning lovers of the tale would be desperately tiresome but for the robust heartiness of Mr. Glen. ey and the charm of Miss Gertrude Scott's personality. Happily, however, though the play's characterisation is unsuccessful, its dialogue flabby, its comic scenes dull, and its technique quite primitive, the melodrama of "Dr. Nikola" possesses, quite apart from its many exciting situations and its really grisly climax, one grand merit—that of telling ingeniously a capital yarn, a yarn associated with a certain Chinese charm, which is hunted as persistently as Wilkie Collins's Moonstone, and which passes through as many hands as Scribe's scrap of paper.

THE GERMAN REED ENTERTAINMENT REVIVED.

It is perhaps doubtful whether a revival of the German Reed form of entertainment—an entertainment devised twenty years ago to suit the tastes of such pleasure-seekers as objected to entering a theatre—will find any public support or demand to-day. Playgoers have increased by their thousands since the days of Alfred Reed and Corney Grain—not to mention those of the German Reeds and John Parry—and their desire seems for undiluted dramatic fare. Still, if there is room for such an experiment as the one now being tried, no better place could be selected than the St. George's Hall, and no better company than that of which Miss Leonora Braham and Mr. Avalon Collard are the leading members. Both the operettas now presented—Messrs. W. S. Gilbert and Lionel Elliott's "No Cards," and Messrs. Stephenson and Cellier's "Charity Begins at Home"—have long been popular, and of course there is a musical sketch, given by Mr. Griffith Humphreys.

ROMAN REMAINS AT ENFIELD.

During the work of constructing a new road in Bush Hill Park, Enfield, some remarkable Roman remains were discovered at a spot to the east of St. Mark's Church and at right angles to the Enfield Board Schools. While the trenches for the frontage were being dug, a layer of foreign soil of a dark shade and in parts almost black was observed to extend the whole length of the road. The depth of the belt measured from two to six feet. In this layer, the dark shade of which seems to have been due to burning, were embedded many fragments of pottery and jewellery, which we illustrate on another page. In addition to these relics, several coins were unearthed, the oldest bearing the superscription of Trajan, while the others belong to the period of Claudius, Alectus, and Constantine. The statuette which we also illustrate was found lying on the ground about half a mile from the other relics.

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THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARKE.

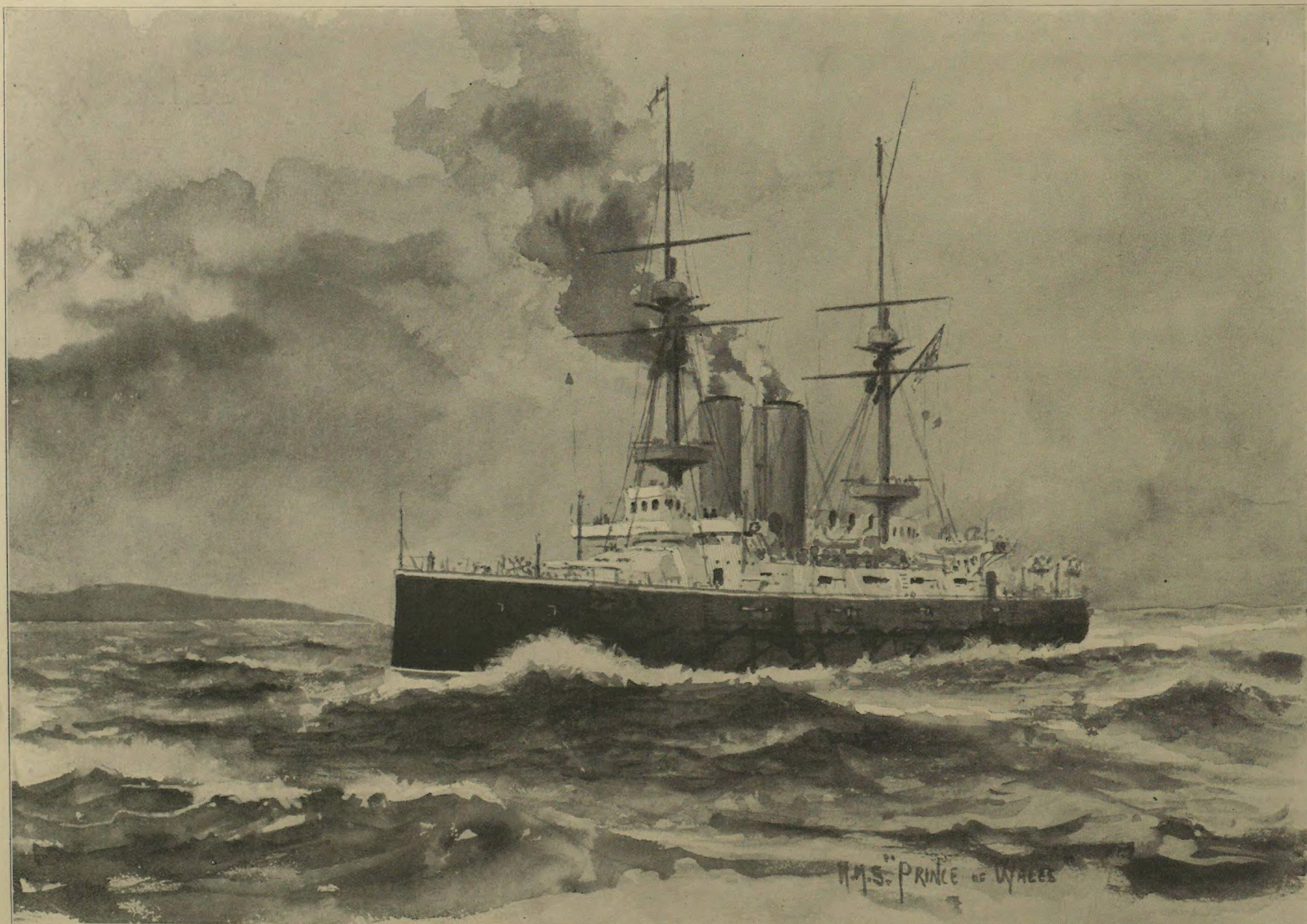
General the Hon. Sir Andrew Clarke, Agent-General for Victoria, died on March 29 at his residence, 31, Portland Place. Last week, as he was feeling more and more the burden of years and failing health, Sir Andrew Clarke had telegraphed to the Governor of Victoria to be relieved of his duties, and consent having been obtained, they were accordingly taken over by the secretary of the department. Sir Andrew was the son of Colonel Andrew Clarke, of Belmont, Donegal, who had been in his time Governor of Western Australia. He was born at Southsea in 1824, and following his father's profession, he went to Woolwich, whence, after a successful career, he passed into the Royal Engineers. In 1846 he was appointed Aide-de-Camp to Sir William Denison, Governor of Van Diemens Land. Thereafter he served in the Maori War, and in New Zealand he made the acquaintance of another Empire-builder, Sir George Grey, with whom he had much in common. He returned to work in Tasmania, and then, in 1853, received the appointment of Surveyor-General and Chief Commissioner of Crown Lands for Victoria. Two years later, when the colony became self-



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR ANDREW CLARKE, AGENT-GENERAL FOR VICTORIA.

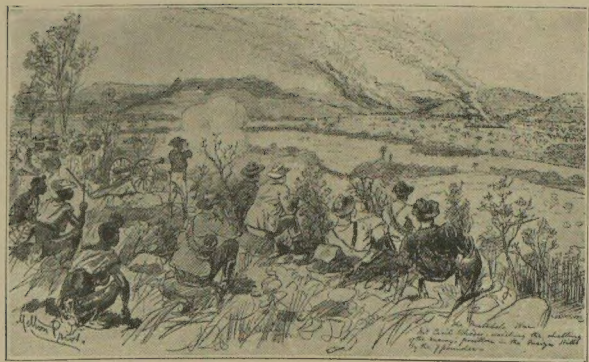
governing, he was elected to the first Legislative Assembly. He gave his liberalism free scope, and advocated many reforms, among which was the abolition of the property qualification for members of Parliament. Land purchase and the extension of the municipal system were also within his scheme. From 1864 to 1873 Sir Andrew Clarke was Director of Works of the Navy; and in 1881 he was appointed Inspector-General of Fortifications. Between these two appointments he was Governor of the Straits Settlements, which he did a great deal to pacify. The man's personality here stood him in good stead, for, armed only with an umbrella, he would visit the most desperate of the chiefs, and while he smoked would talk them into submission. He was entrusted with a special mission to Siam, and another appointment he held was a Directorship of Public Works in India, where he was also member of the Viceroy's Council. One of the last notable public appearances which Sir Andrew Clarke made was at the home-coming of the Duke and Duchess of York, when in the name of the Colonies he presented their Royal Highnesses with an address of welcome. At home, Sir Andrew Clarke fought several unsuccessful elections in the Liberal interest.



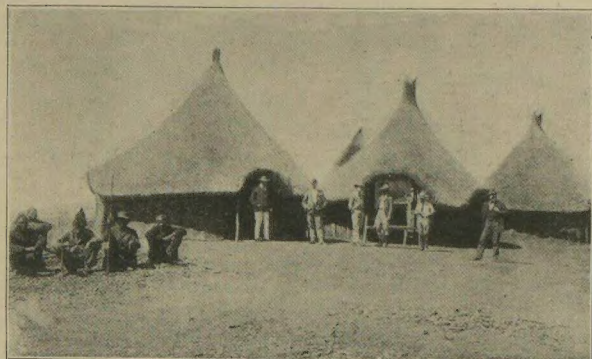
H.M.S. "PRINCE OF WALES," LAUNCHED BY THE PRINCESS OF WALES, MARCH 25: THE VESSEL AS SHE WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED FOR SEA.

DRAWN BY COMMANDER GREATOREX.

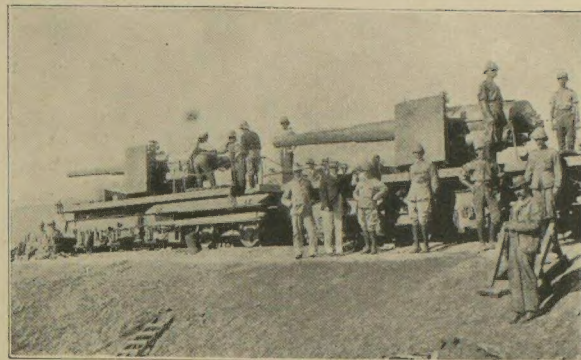
THE LATE CECIL RHODES: SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF HIS CAREER.



MR. RHODES IN THE MATABELE WAR.



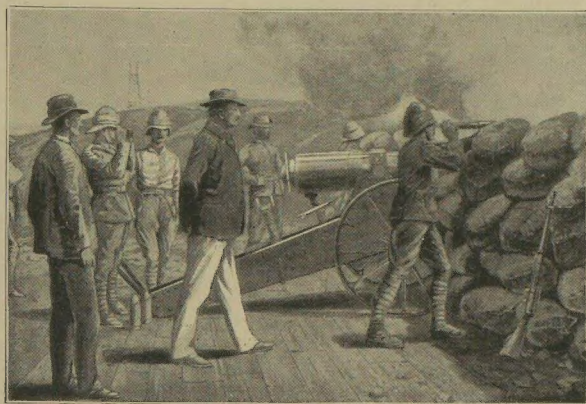
MR. RHODES AT BULAWAYO.



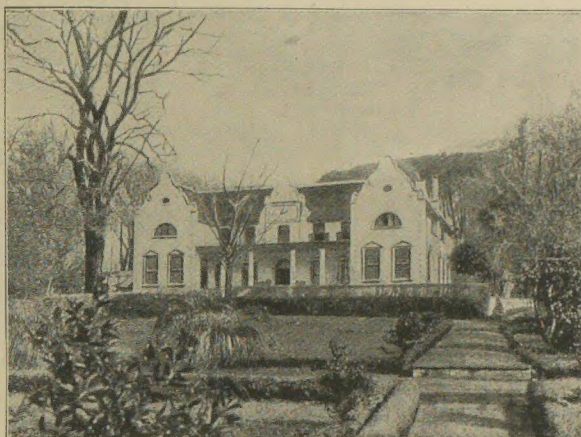
MR. RHODES AND THE KIMBERLEY RELIEF FORCE.



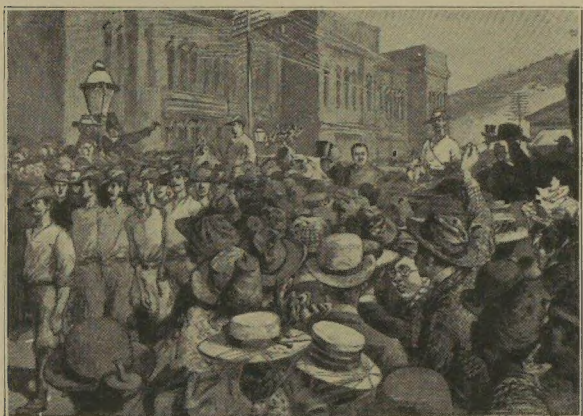
MR. RHODES' LAST ARRIVAL AT CAPE TOWN,
FEBRUARY 4, 1902.



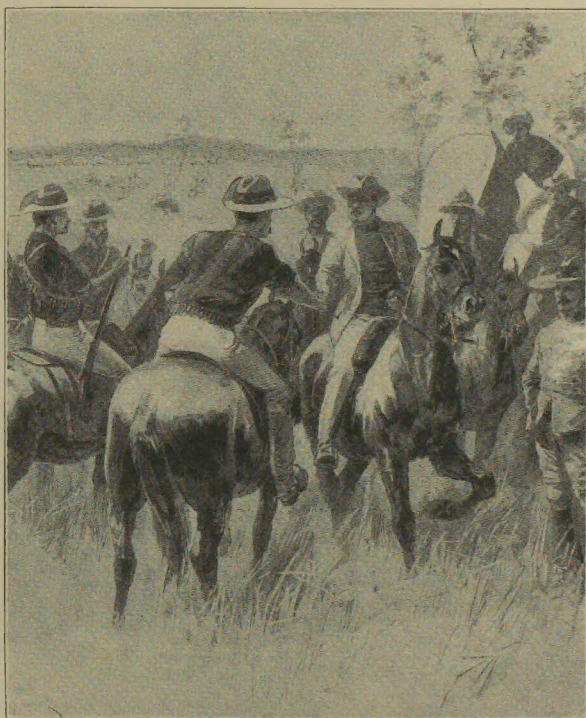
KIMBERLEY: MR. RHODES WATCHING THE FIRING OF
"LONG CECIL."



MR. RHODES' HOME NEAR CAPE TOWN:
GROOT SCHUUR.



A WELCOME TO MR. RHODES AT CAPE TOWN.



THE MATABELE WAR: THE MEETING OF MR. RHODES
AND COLONEL NAPIER.



MR. RHODES IN MATABELELAND.



MR. RHODES BEFORE THE RAID INQUIRY
COMMITTEE.



DR. JAMESON, MR. RHODES, AND MR. J. F. NEWTON,
ADMINISTRATORS OF THE B.S.A. COMPANY.
By permission of "South Africa."



THE RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY: MR. RHODES WELCOMING
GENERAL FRENCH.

PERSONAL.

The King, in the course of his yachting tour, has visited the Consumption Hospital at Ventnor. His Majesty, who was received by Dr. Davidson and the resident staff, made minute inquiries into the management and method of treatment, remarking that he was particularly interested, as he himself was building a similar institution. Several men who had served in South Africa received a kindly word of encouragement.

M. Méline has publicly repudiated all sympathy with the French Nationalists. He accuses them of aiming at the destruction of the Republic, and invites the electors of France to note that he has no part in such a design. As M. Méline has been coquetting with the Nationalists for several years, his new attitude is a striking tribute to the strength of the Republic, and of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry.

The death of Prince Münster, in his eighty-second year, does not affect current politics; but time was when his influence on the relations between England and Germany was an important factor in the peace of Europe.

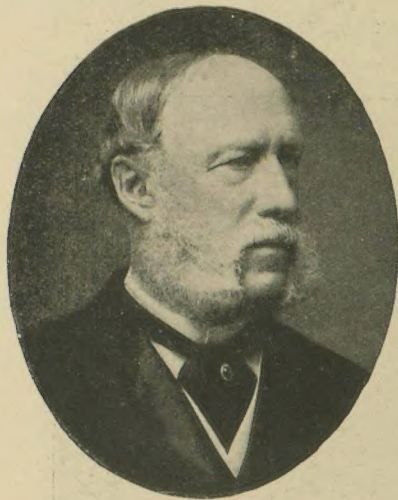


Photo. Bassano.

THE LATE PRINCE MÜNSTER.

Formerly German Ambassador to Great Britain.

That was during the twelve years from 1873 to 1885, when he was accredited by the first German Emperor to the Court of St. James's. The late Ambassador had other than official ties with England. He was born in London; he married Lady Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of the third Earl of Rosslyn; and his only son, Count Alexander Münster, married also an Englishwoman, a daughter of the eleventh Earl of Kinnoull. When he left the Embassy in London he went to Paris, where he remained as Ambassador during sixteen often critical years. Little more than a year has elapsed since his retirement from that post, and his powers were still active enough to qualify him as the Special Missioner of Germany at the Hague Conference. His health continued excellent almost to the last day of his life—Good Friday—when he passed away at Hanover apparently in his sleep.

That enterprising evening print, the *London Sun*, adds to the gaiety of journalism by its choice of editors. One day it was edited by Dr. Joseph Parker, who took the responsibility very much to heart. The day after Bank Holiday the *Sun* was edited by Dan Leno, assisted by Herbert Campbell. The report that Dan Leno has been offered a lucrative post on the *Times* may also be classed among First of April jests.

The Right Rev. Frederick Gell, who recently resigned the see of Madras after a long episcopate, died on Lady Day at Culford, Coonoor, South India, in the eighty-second year of his age.

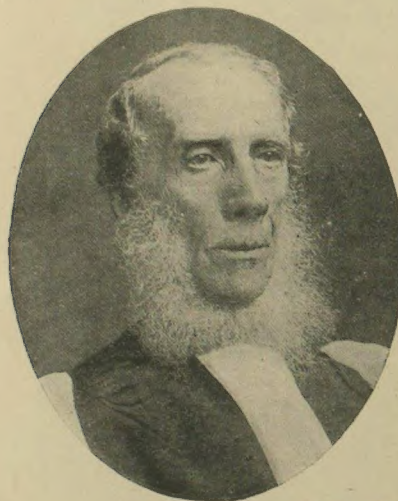


Photo. Russell.

THE LATE RIGHT REV. F. GELL,
Formerly Bishop of Madras.

bridge; and in 1858 was appointed Cambridge Preacher at the Chapel Royal, Whitehall. He was Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Taft of London when the vacancy occurred at Madras which he was appointed to fill. This see is contemporaneous with the Presidency of Madras, and has a population of thirty-five millions. Bishop Gell's association with the Church in Southern India was as arduous as it was prolonged; and when he retired a short time since he elected to stay in India and to die on the scene of his wide-extended labours.

Mr. Steyn has not shown much eagerness to confer with Mr. Schalk Burger and the other members of the Transvaal "Government" now under British protection. It is thought not improbable that Mr. Schalk Burger desires to urge on Mr. Steyn the expediency of a general and unconditional surrender in order to give the Boers leisure and opportunity to organise a rebellion at a favourable moment. Mr. Steyn may prefer fighting now to this remote contingency.

Dr. Leyds is telling the French sympathisers with the Boers that Lord Kitchener has initiated the negotiations because he is disheartened by so many defeats. Mr. Wessels says the Boers must retain their "independence," but he declines to say what he means by that word.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes, though a clergyman's son, described himself as having descended from farming stock; and, as a matter of fact, the Alexandra Palace now stands on Rhodes' Fields, which his grandfather, a dairyman and gardener, occupied. His own first success in South Africa was as a tiller of the soil, when he made his brother's ground do what had been pronounced "impossible"—yield a crop of cotton. When, in after years, friends discouraged his plans, he used to say, "Ah, yes, they told me I couldn't grow cotton." But the earth yielded him richer treasures: when he was only eighteen he was already at work in the Kimberley diamond-fields, and on the way to fortune. There, too, he got health as well as wealth; and he was able to return to England, and to matriculate at Oriel. But "not six months to live" was the note of the chest specialist who at this time examined him. From 1873 to 1876 he was back in South Africa, diamond-mining, and laying in that store of strength which lasted him for thirty years. As he himself said, "South Africa gets into your blood."



Photo. Bassano.

THE LATE CECIL J. RHODES IN 1867.

The Federal Government of Australia has prohibited the transmission of racing "tips" through the Colonial Post Office. It is calculated that this means a loss of £60,000 a year to the Australian revenue.

Sir Sidney Godolphin Alexander Shippard, who died in London, at his house in West Halkin Street, on March 28, was born sixty-four years ago, the son of Captain Shippard, 29th Regiment, and the grandson of Rear-Admiral Alexander Shippard. He was educated at King's College, and at Oriel and Hertford Colleges, Oxford; and was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple in 1867. Six years later he began his legal career in South Africa as Attorney-General of Griqualand West.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE SIR S. G. A. SHIPPARD,
South African Law Officer.

From 1880 to 1885 he was Judge of the Supreme Court of Cape Colony. Important services were rendered by him at this time and in the ensuing years as British Commissioner on the West Coast Claims Joint Commission, as Administrator of British Bechuanaland, and as Resident Commissioner for Bechuanaland and the Kalahari. Sir Sidney lost his first wife, a daughter of Sir Andries Stockenström, in 1870. In 1894 he married, secondly, Rosalind, daughter of Mr. W. A. Sanford, of Nynehead Court, Somerset. His K.C.M.G. dates from 1887.

The revenue of the United Kingdom for the financial year ending March 31 is close upon 143 millions, considerably more than half a million in excess of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate. The excess would have been much greater but for a curious falling off in the receipts from the Excise.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jeffrey Hale Burland, of Montreal, who has been selected to command the Canadian Bisley team this year, graduated from McGill University in 1882. Lieutenant-Colonel Burland's marked abilities and administrative capacity have brought him rapidly to the front in business as well as in military circles. He is a member of the British Association, a Fellow of the Chemical Society, London, of the Royal Geographical Society, and of the Royal Geological Society. In 1892 he succeeded to the command of the 6th Fusiliers, was elected President of the Montreal Amalgamated Rifle Association in 1895, and President of the Montreal Military Institute in 1897. He is also a member of the executive of the Dominion



Photo. Notman, Montreal.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. H. BURLAND,
To Command the Canadian Team at Bisley.

Rifle Association, and was one of the officers selected by the Dominion Government to proceed to London with the Canadian battalion on the occasion of the late Queen's Diamond Jubilee.

The Paris journals have been telling their readers that Lord Rosebery, "the celebrated Lord Devonshire," and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman visited Paris at Easter to confer with the Boer delegates. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was seen loitering at a street corner, evidently waiting for Dr. Leyds. Lord Rosebery declined to reveal his projects to the interviewers, and this supplied the crowning proof that he and his colleagues had been sent by the British Government to beg Dr. Leyds to be merciful.

M. Loubet will make his visit to Russia in May. This will not ruffle the course of international politics. But the announcement that the Shah proposes to spend a week in London is regarded in some quarters as another proof of British perfidy in the East.

M. Koloman Tisza, the distinguished Hungarian Liberal statesman, who for fifteen years served as Prime Minister of Hungary, died at Budapest on March 23 in his seventy-second year. Forty years ago Koloman Tisza obtained a seat in the Hungarian Parliament as the champion of national safeguards and of religious tolerance; and in 1875, uniting his forces with those of Deák, he became Minister of the Interior, and, finally, head of the Cabinet. In the critical seventies he showed a firmer hand than Count Andrássy's in his opposition to Russia on the Eastern Question. His strong personal adherence to Free Trade was avowed; and on the question of obstruction he made a speech in support of the closure as a Parliamentary weapon in defence of the Constitution. The "General," as Tisza was usually called, was himself an aristocrat by birth. But his manners were simple; and his family, in refusing the proffered honours of a public funeral for him, have followed the course in keeping with his well-known sentiments.

The American public are accustomed to "cranks," but they seem to be surprised by the Rev. Mr. Fillingham, who is conducting a mission in America on behalf of the Boers. At home, Mr. Fillingham is known as a harmless Jacobite, who prattles about the Stuarts and the blessed memory of King Charles the Martyr. He tells the Americans that, although he denounces his own country, his parishioners will welcome him on his return with acclamation and bell-ringing. Evidently it is a local pastime to humour his eccentricities.

The Most Rev. Charles Vincent Eyre, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow, died on March 27 in that city at his residence in Bowmont Gardens. He just lived long enough to note—though not publicly to celebrate—the sixtieth anniversary of his admission to the priesthood. Born in 1817, the son of Count Eyre, he was educated at Ushaw College, near Durham, and at Rome. For nearly twenty-five years he served in Newcastle-on-Tyne, going thence, in 1868, to Scotland, first as Vicar Apostolic, and in 1878 as Archbishop of Glasgow. A man of considerable wealth, he spent £30,000 of his own on his diocesan seminary, and devoted to bursaries the £3000 presented to him by his flock on the occasion of his episcopal silver jubilee in 1893. As an antiquary he had some standing, and he wrote, among other works, a *Life of St. Cuthbert*.



Photo. Warnicke, Glasgow.

THE LATE MOST REV. C. V. EYRE,
Archbishop of Glasgow.

Owing to some defect of the law, pirated music is sold with impunity in the streets of London. This is bad enough, but one of the pirates has coolly justified his business on the plea that the public like to purchase for twopence a copyright song that costs ten times that amount in a shop. On the same principle, as a suffering musician has pointed out, a burglar might plunder a jeweller's shop and sell gold watches at a shilling apiece.

The law has a sense of humour not always acknowledged. It has been decided by a magistrate that pirated songs may be seized by the copyright-owners, but that if there should be a scuffle the pirate may recover damages for assault. This is worthy of Mr. W. S. Gilbert. It would be just as rational to affirm that when a thief snatches your watch, and you knock him down, he is entitled to damages for the personal injury.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

LAUNCH OF THE "PRINCE OF WALES."

On March 25 the Princess of Wales christened the new battle-ship *Prince of Wales* at Chatham. The Prince and Princess on their arrival were received by Vice-Admiral A. H. Markham, Commander-in-Chief of the Nore; Major-General Sir Thomas Fraser, commanding the Thames District, and the Mayor and Corporation of Chatham. When an address had been presented, the carriage procession proceeded through the town to the Dockyard, the route being guarded by 3000 troops. After a short rest at Admiralty House, their Royal Highnesses entered the launching-shed and mounted the small platform over which the ram of the vessel projected. Rear-Admiral Holland then handed a garlanded bottle of wine to the Princess, who struck it sharply against the bow of the ship, saying as she did so: "I name this vessel *Prince of Wales*. May God speed her and all who sail in her." Her Royal Highness then took a chisel and a mallet from an oaken casket, and with a few strokes severed the last cord which held the vessel to land. The battle-ship, however, did not start immediately, but after some persuasion from the hydraulic jacks, she glided down the ways and took the water in splendid style. As soon as the new ship was satisfactorily launched, the Prince of Wales laid the first plate of the cruiser *Devonshire*. A visit to the Museum and the Dockyard followed, and the

specimen. The fish in the White Nile run up to several hundred pounds in weight, and huge water-turtles are to be met with. I caught one weighing nearly 100 lb."

GATES AT HAMPTON COURT PALACE.

The climate of England has been declared by the King—who ought to know—to be, on the whole, the most equable in the world. But, make what allowances we may, the fact remains that our atmosphere is not favourable to out-of-door decorations, in sculpture, in fresco, or in ironwork. The damp, the soot, the sulphur in the air near a great coal-consuming city such as London, are not flattering to these open-air displays of the designer's and the decorator's skill. But ironwork, less than marble, suffers from rains and fumes. Its surface, if properly kept, can either defy the hostile elements or can, if injured, be easily repaired. By degrees good ironwork is making itself seen here and there. The enormous

heaviness of such gates as those at Burlington House or at the Marble Arch, or of the railings at Apsley House, no doubt represent the old popular idea that delicate metal-work would be out of place in London. Mob-law also, in the case of the Apsley House railings, had to be taken into count by the

caster. But Devonshire House has given Piccadilly another pattern of late years; and now Hampton Court has restored the famous wrought-iron screens, which give it a new grace. That

royal domain, in which so many memories are stored, was Cardinal Wolsey's gift of propitiation to Henry VIII., who enclosed, for his chase, fifteen parishes within a wooden paling, removed after his death. But the grounds proper, within which so many royal couples strolled through their honeymoons—Philip and Mary, Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, among the rest—had their own embellished palisades added to in 1710 by the screens, beautiful alike in design and in workmanship, which Jean Tijou achieved with the help of local smiths. The preservation of these objects in the South Kensington Museum has now come to a close; and their restoration to their own environment, brought about principally by the efforts of Lord Esher, has been the occasion of a little triumph for the antiquaries and the experts. These decided exactly where the screens were to be placed; and, sure enough, when the foundations were dug, the workmen came upon traces of the



FIGHTING FIRE BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.

The New York Fire Department has adopted the searchlight to illuminate dark floors and halls, thus facilitating the work of rescue. The power is supplied by a dynamo fitted very much like an ordinary steam fire-engine.

former erection of the ironwork on the very spots where now they stand.

THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

With two beautiful days out of four, the Easter holiday-maker should think himself favoured, considering how early the festival fell this year. Every holiday the exodus to the country and the sea-coast appears to gain in popularity, and from Thursday, when the more aristocratic travellers left, until Monday, the day of the cheap-tripper, the various railway termini were sights to see. Home-staying Londoners also had their fill of enjoyment; parks and open spaces and the numerous places of entertainment all had their full share of patronage. There can have been few indeed who did not in their own particular way get enjoyment out of one of the few brief breathing-spaces of the busy year.

THE DRAMATIC VERSION OF "BEN-HUR."

Stories of the kind of General Lew Wallace's novel "Ben-Hur," interweaving as they do incidents in the life of Our Lord, are almost certain of popular success, apart from all questions of literary excellence. To this class belong "The Prince of the House of David" and "Barabbas," novels which, like "Ben-Hur," found an extensive and appreciative public. The scene which we illustrate from the dramatised version of "Ben-Hur," now being played at Drury Lane, is laid at the fountain of Castalia, and the moment is that when Messala in his chariot is about to run down Balthasar, one of the Three Wise Men, and his beautiful daughter Iras. The catastrophe is averted by Ben-Hur, who, leaping from among the crowd around the spring, seizes the horses' heads and arrests the career of the chariot. The play, which has no overture, opens with the appearance of the Star of Bethlehem to the Wise Men, and the scene then shifts to Jerusalem and afterwards to Antioch. Among the spectacular effects are a shipwreck and a chariot race, represented with extraordinary realism. The piece will be dealt with at length next week by our dramatic critic.



Photo. Sutherland, Brecon.

THE RETURN OF THE SOUTH WALES BORDERERS TO BRECON, MARCH 25.

The regiment has seen two years' service in South Africa. Our illustration shows the men dismissed in the barrack square for breakfast.

Prince and Princess then lunched at Admiralty House, and afterwards attended a reception. At four o'clock they returned to London.

FASHODA OF TO-DAY.

Fashoda, from which Sir Edmund and Lady Lechmere have just returned after an expedition up the White Nile from Khartoum, would seem, in spite of its strategic importance, to be little more than a handful of huts and tents haunted by fever and mosquitoes. The expedition in question, which started in November of last year, and, sailing in two large nuggars, reached Fashoda early in January, is notable in that Lady Lechmere, with the single exception of Lady Baker, who accompanied her husband thither on his journey to the Nile sources, is the only white woman who has set foot in the place which caused so much talk in France a short time ago. The party's journey of 600 miles up the White Nile was comparatively uneventful; the Shilluks and the Dinkas proved quite friendly; and though Sir Edmund describes the Nuers as "very truculent," and warns anyone going among them to be prepared for trouble, they do not seem to have given any great cause for alarm. Heat and mosquitoes, indeed, were apparently the only hindrance. After remaining a few days in Fashoda, the party pushed on again, with the intention of proceeding to Gondokoro. Fever, however, overtook Sir Edmund, and the mouth of the Sobat was the extreme point attained. In the course of an interview the leader of the expedition said: "On the journey up to the Sobat we encountered all sorts of birds, chiefly waterfowl, in countless thousands, and for days we sailed through flocks of geese, pelican, and the like, which scarcely troubled to paddle out of the way of our boats. Hippopotami and crocodiles are numerous, and there are several species of antelope, including the *cobus maria*, of which I got a fine



Photo. Shield.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES LAUNCHING THE NEW WAR-SHIP "PRINCE OF WALES" AT CHATHAM, MARCH 25.

EASTER MONDAY RECREATIONS.

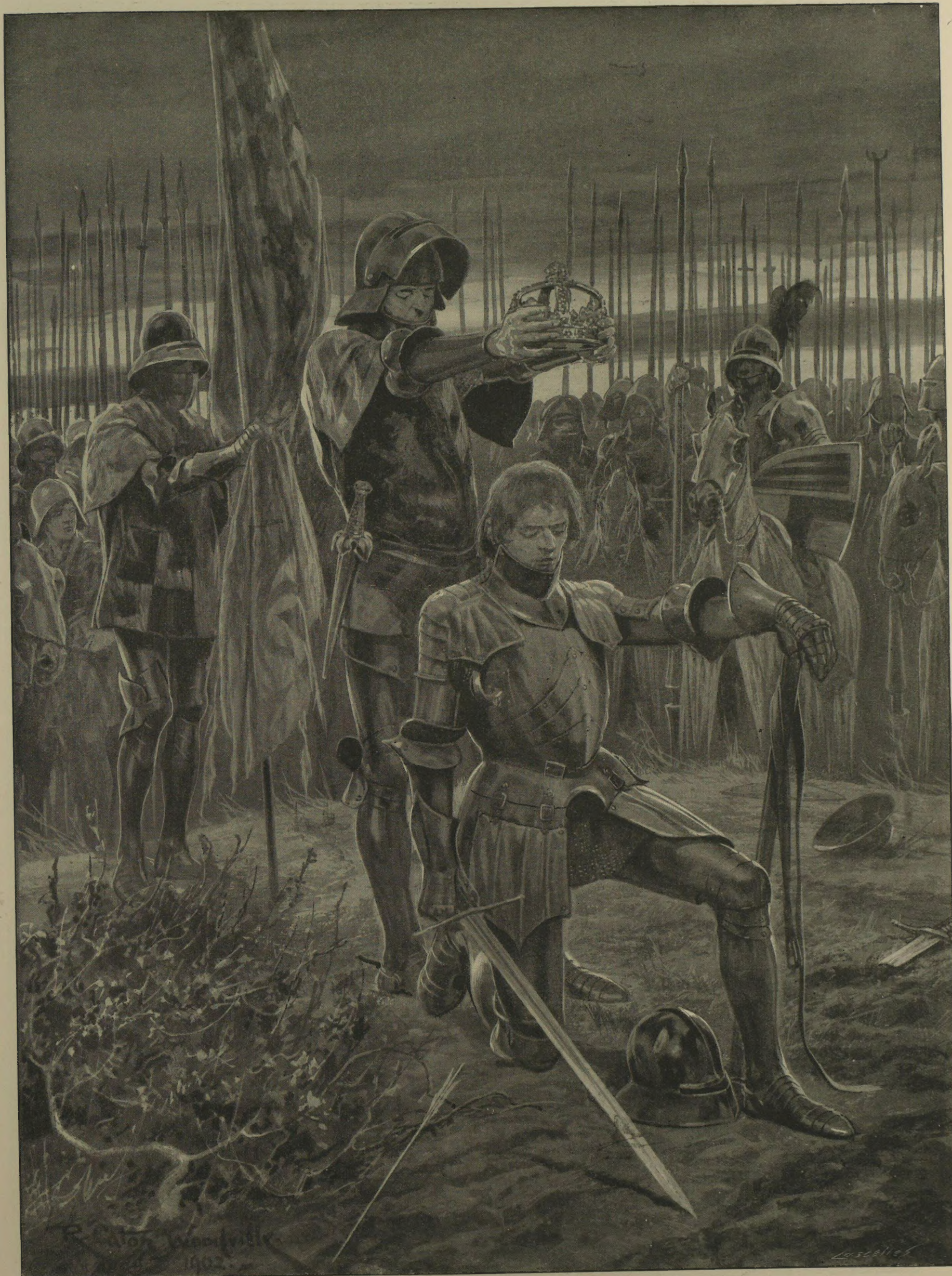
SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



RALPH CLEAVER 1902

CORONATIONS OF ENGLISH SOVEREIGNS.—No. XIII.: HENRY VII.

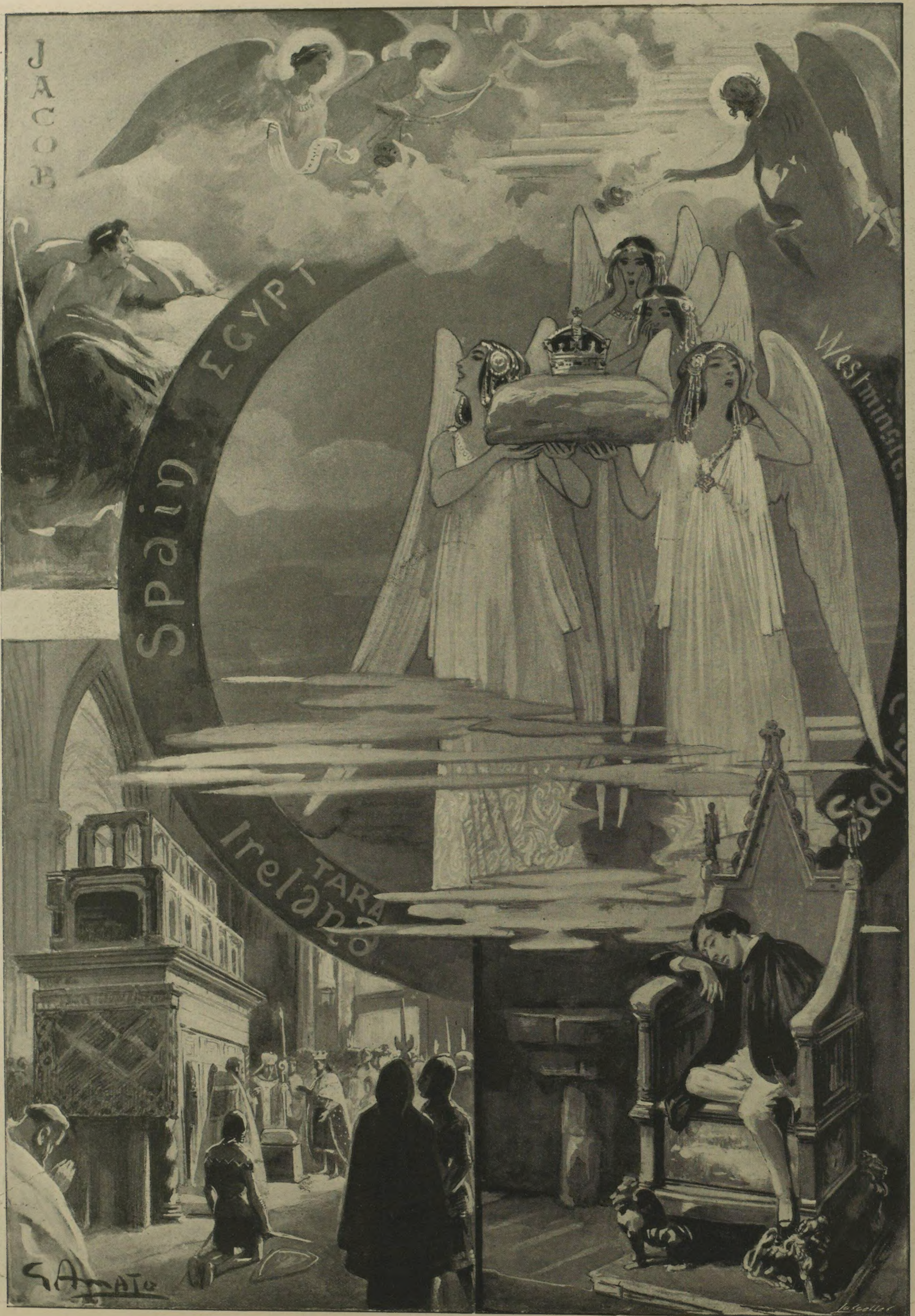
DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE CROWNING OF HENRY VII. ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF BOSWORTH, AUGUST 22, 1485.

THE LEGEND OF THE CORONATION STONE.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



JACOB SLEEPING ON THE STONE AT BETHEL.

EDWARD I. DEDICATING THE STONE TO THE CONFESSOR.

THE WANDERINGS OF THE STONE.

A WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR'S FREAK IN 1801.

THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



THE WATCH-DOGS-OF-THE BLOCKHOUSE LINE: NATIVE SCOUTS AT WORK.

AN EASTER-TIDE CUSTOM AT ROME.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.



THE ABSOLUTION BY THE CARDINAL PENITENTIARY ON HOLY THURSDAY.

A crowd, composed for the most part of women of all ranks, from the great lady to the artist's model, throngs St. Peter's and passes in orderly procession before the Cardinal Penitentiary, who taps each penitent with a long cane, in token of absolution. The little acolyte in the foreground bears the crocette, which during Holy Week is substituted for the bells in all churches.

PARSON JACK'S FORTUNE.

By "Q."



Illustrated by Gunning King.

1.
FROM Langona church-tower you see nothing of the Atlantic but a wedge between two cliffs of a sandy creek. The cottages—thirty in all, perhaps—huddle in a semicircle of the hills about a spring of clear water, which overflows and leaps as from a platform into the hollow coombe, its conduit down to the sands. But Langona Church stands out more boldly, on a high grassy meadow thrust forward like a bastion over the stream's right flank. It has no tree, no habitation between it and the ocean: it breaks the northerly gales for the cottages behind and under its lee, and these gales have given its tamarisk hedge and even its gravestones

so noticeable a slant inland that, by a trick of eyesight, the church itself seems tilted perilously forward.

Forward, in fact—that is to say, seaward—the tower does lean; though but by a foot or so, and now not perilously; the salt winds, impotent against its masonry, having bitten with more effect into the earth around its base. But the church has been restored, the mischief arrested, and the danger no longer haunts its vicar as it haunted the Rev. John Flood on a bright September morning in 1885.

He sat on a thyme-covered hummock by the valley stream, with knees drawn up and palms pressed against

his aching head: sat as he had been sitting for half an hour past, a shovel beside him and an empty sack, which he had brought down to fill with clean river-sand. A chaffinch, fresh from his bath, flitted incessantly between the rail of the footbridge, a dozen yards below, and the boughs of a tamarisk beside it. He paid no attention to Parson Jack. Few living creatures ever did.

Even his parishioners—those who knew of it—felt no great concern that Parson Jack had been drunk again last night. There was no harm in the man. "He had this failing, to be sure: with a little liquor he talked silly, though not so silly as you might suppose. Let him alone, and he'll find his way home somehow. Scandalous? Oh, no doubt! But you might easily go farther and find a worse parson than Flood."

It never occurred to them that he felt any special remorse. His agonies were private, and his chance of redemption lay in this, that they neither ceased nor eased with time; perhaps in this, too, that he wasted no breath in apologetics or self-pity, but blamed himself squarely like a man.

Yet a sentimentalist in his place might have run up a long and tearful account against Providence, fate, circumstances—whatever sentimentalists choose to arraign rather than themselves. Five-and-twenty years before, Jack Flood had been a rowdy undergraduate of Brasenose College, Oxford; in his third year of residence, with more than a fair prospect of being ploughed—or, in the language of that generation, "plucked"—at the end of it; a member of the Phoenix Wine Club, owner of a brute which he not only called a "hunter" but made to do duty for one at least twice a week; and debtor among various Oxford tradesmen to the tune of something like £500. At this point his father—a Berkshire rector—died suddenly of a paralytic stroke, leaving Jack and his elder brother Lionel (then abroad in the new Indian Civil Service) to realise and divide an estate of £1200.

Six hundred pounds is a fair equipment for starting a young man in life; but not when he already owes five hundred, and has few brains, no decided bent, and only a little of the most useless learning. Jack surrendered two-thirds of his patrimony to his pressing creditors, sold his hunter, read hard for a term, scrambled into his degree, and was received, a month or two later, into Holy Orders. His father had sent him to B.N.C. as a step to this, and Jack had looked forward to being a parson some day—a sporting parson, be it understood.

For the moment, however, he was almost penniless; and he had answered in vain some dozen advertisements of curacies, when a college friend came to the rescue and prevailed on a distant kinsman to offer him the living of Langona, with a net annual stipend of £51 18s. 6d. There are such "livings."

It was offered, of course, and accepted, merely as a stopgap. But twenty-five years had passed, and at Langona Parson Flood remained. It had cost him twenty of these to wipe off his Oxford debts, with interest; but he had managed to retain the small remnant of his capital, and this with his beneficence yielded an income better than a day labourer's. That he was still a bachelor goes without saying. In the summer he fished; in the winter he followed, afoot, a pack of harriers kept by his patron, Sir Harry Vyell of Carwithiel. These were his recreations. He could not afford to travel, and cared little for reading. His library consisted of his Bible, two or three small Divinity Handbooks, a "Pickwick," "Stonehenge on the Dog," and a couple of "Handley Cross" novels, with coloured illustrations by John Leech. Twice a year or thereabouts a letter reached him from his brother in Calcutta, who was apparently prospering, and had a wife and three children—though for some years the letters had brought no news of them.

"Something was wrong," Parson Jack decided after a while, finding that his messages to them met with no answer; and he felt a delicacy in asking questions. He believed that the children had been sent home to England—he did not know where—and would have liked to pay them a visit. But for him a journey was out of the question. So he lived on, alone and forgotten.

On Sundays he wore a black suit, which had lasted him for ten years, and would have to last for another five at least. On weekdays he dressed in blue guernsey



"Hulloa, Parson! I've just left a letter for you up at the Parsonage."

and corduroys, and smoked a clay pipe. His broad-brimmed clerical hat alone distinguished him from the farm-labourers in his parish; but when at work upon the church patching its shingle roof, or pouring mortar into its gaping wounds—he discarded this for a maroon-coloured cap, not unlike a beretta, which offered less surface to the high winds.

He knew nothing of architecture: could not, in fact, distinguish Norman work from Perpendicular; and at first had taken to these odd jobs of masonry as a handy way of killing time. He had wit enough, however, to learn pretty soon that the whole fabric was eaten with rot and in danger from every gale; and by degrees (he could not explain how) the ruin had set up a claim on him. In his worst dreams he saw it toppling, falling; during the winter gales he lay awake listening, imagining the throes and shudders of its old beams, and would be abroad before daybreak, waiting for the light to assure him that it yet stood. A casual tourist, happening on him at work, some summers before, had mistaken him for a hired mason, and discoursed learnedly on the beauties of the edifice and the pity of its decay. "That's a vile job you have in hand, my friend—a bit of sheer vandalism," said the tourist; "but I suppose the Parson who employs you knows no better." Parson Jack had been within an ace of revealing himself, but now changed his mind and asked humbly enough what was amiss. Whereupon the tourist pulled out a pencil and an old envelope, and explained. "But there," he broke off, "it would take me a week to go into these matters, and you a deal longer to understand. I'd enjoy twenty minutes' talk with your Parson. The church wants restoration from beginning to end, and by a first-class man. It deserves no less, for it's interesting throughout; in some points unique." "That would cost money now?" suggested Parson Jack, pitching his voice to the true Langona sing-song. "Two thousand pounds would go a long way."—The tourist scanned the wagon-roof critically, and lowering his eyes, at length observed the Parson's smile. "Ah, I see! a sum that would take some collecting hereabouts. Parson's none too well off, eh?" "Fifty pounds a year or so," "Scandalous! Who's the lay impropiator?" He was told. "Well, but wouldn't he help?" Parson Jack shook his head; he had never asked a penny from Sir Harry Vyell, who was a notorious Gallio in all that concerned religion. He had a further reason, too. He suspected that Sir Harry chafed a little in a careless way at his continuing to hold the living, and would be glad to see him replaced by an incumbent with private means, and no failings to be apologised for with a shrug of the shoulders. Sir Harry, he knew, was aware of these hateful lapses; though too delicate to allude to them, and far too charitable to use them (unless under compulsion) as a lever for getting rid of him. And this knowledge was perhaps the worst of his shame. Yet what could he do? since to surrender Langona was to starve.

"Your parson might at least make a beginning," pursued the tourist. "A box, now, inviting donations—that would cost nothing, and might relieve a visitor here and there of a spare sovereign. He might put up a second box for himself: it's quite a usual thing in churches when the parish priest is poor. You might make the suggestion, if he's not too proud."

"I will," said Parson Jack, and after the tourist had gone he thought much of these two boxes. Indeed, he made and fixed up the first that same week; though he labelled it "For Church Repairs," fighting shy of "Restoration" as too magniloquent. The second cost him long searchings of heart, and he walked over, and laid the case before Parson Kendall, Rector of the near parish of St. Cadox, a good Christian and a good fellow, with whom he sometimes smoked a pipe. "Why not?" answered Parson Kendall; "it's the most ordinary thing in the world." "But Sir Harry may not like it." The Rector chuckled. "If he doesn't, he'll consult me; and I shall ask him why he hunts a pack by subscription."

So the second box was nailed beside the first, and excited little discussion. Indeed, the pair hung in so obscure a corner—behind the font—that at the first service only Parson Jack and the Widow Copping were aware of them. The parson stumbled and hesitated so badly over the prayers that one or two worshippers felt sure he had been drinking; which was not the fact. The Widow Copping took no interest in collecting-boxes; and, besides, she could not read. So the innovation missed fire. Moreover, it suggested neither Popery nor Priestcraft, and only a fool would suspect Parson Flood of either.

The "Parson's Box" remained, provoking no ill-feeling. He himself had a little plan for its contents. He would spend the money on a journey to his nephew and nieces, if they were anywhere in England. He would find out. There was no hurry, he told himself, with a queer smile.

There was not. The box provoked neither ill-feeling nor effusive charity. On Trinity Sunday, when he opened it and counted out one shilling in silver and sevenpence in coppers, Parson Jack pulled a wry face and then laughed aloud.

Toot—toot—toot!

The postman's horn in the village street above him shook the Parson out of his idleness, if not out of his dark thoughts. He sprang up, gripped his shovel, and began spading the white river-sand into his sack.

"It is useless, after all," said he to himself. "The crack on the south of the tower stands still, but the smaller and more dangerous one—the one on the weather side—is widening fast. This winter, even, may finish matters."

He took up a few more shovelfuls. "At any rate, it will not last my time; and since it will not—" He paused, as a thought rose before him like a blank wall. If the church fell—nay, *when* it fell—this comrade which had taken possession of his purposes, his fears, his fate—this enigmatic building of which he knew neither the history nor the founder's name, but only its wounds—why, then his occupation was gone! He might outlive it for years, perhaps a third of a lifetime; but he had no hopes beyond. In imagination he saw it fall, and after that nothing. And he laughed—not the laugh with which he had counted out the money in his collecting-box, but one of sheer self-contempt, and passing bitter.

The impression had been so sharp that he flung a glance up at the grey tower topping the grey-green rise; and with that was aware of the postman swinging, with long strides, down the slope towards him.

He turned in confusion and resumed his shovelling. Why was the man coming this way, by a path out of his daily beat? Parson Jack stooped over his work. He wished to avoid greeting him. There was talk, no doubt, up at the village. . . .

But the postman was not to be denied. He stopped and hailed across the stream.

"Hulloa, Parson! I've just left a letter for you up at the Parsonage: a long blue letter, and important, by the look of it; with a seal—a man's hand coming out of a castle. Do you know it?"

"No," answered Parson Jack. "Did you come out of your way to tell me this?"

"Not quite; though I'd do as much for 'ee any day, out of friendliness. But, tell 'ee the truth, I was sent to seek you out with a message."

"A message?"

"Sir Harry has ridden over from Carwithiel, and wants you up to church. He's there waitin' with his nephew, a narra-chested slip of a chap with a square-cut collar and a Popish sort of face."

Parson Jack lifted his shovel and passed his palm over its blade, which the sand had already polished. "Thank you," said he, "I'll be going at once."

But he made no motion to start while the postman stood eyeing him. A sudden selfish fear paralysed him. Had Sir Harry heard? And was this the end of his patron's forbearance? No; the news could not have reached Carwithiel so quickly. He had no enemy to arise early and carry it; to no living creature were even his follies of such importance.

"Don't forget your letter," the postman reminded him, moving off towards the footbridge.

Parson Jack watched him as he crossed it, and until he had scaled the western slope and disappeared over its shoulder. Then, kneeling by the stream, he dipped his head, and let the icy water run past his temples. When he raised it again his plain face was glowing, for hard fare and life in the open weather kept his complexion clear and ruddy. But the hand gripping the sack on his shoulder shook as he climbed the hill.

By the lychgate he found two saddle-horses tethered, and just outside the porch stood Sir Harry Vyell—a strikingly handsome man with a careless thoroughbred look; in fact, well over sixty, but apparently ten years younger. By habit he dressed well, and was scrupulously careful of his person; by habit, too, he remained sweet of temper and kindly of speech. But beneath this mask of habit the heart had withered, a while ago, to dust, and lay in the grave of his only son.

"Ah? Good morning, Flood!" cried Sir Harry genially. Parson Jack, reassured, felt the colour rushing into his face. "I've brought over my nephew Clem to introduce to you—he's in Orders, you know—scholar of Balliol, Fellow of All Souls, and what not. High Anglican, too—he'll be a Bishop one of these days, if money doesn't make him lazy. He's inside, dancing with delight in front of your chancel-screen—or, rather, the remains of it. Church architecture is his craze just now—that and Church History. Between ourselves"—Sir Harry glanced over his shoulder—"he has a bee or two in his bonnet; but that's as it should be. Every lad at his age wants to eat up the world."

Parson Jack could remember no such ambition. They passed into the church together.

Now the surprise which awaits you in Langona Church is its chancel, which stands high above the level of the nave, and, rising suddenly beneath a fine Early English arch, carries the eye upward to the altar with a strange illusion of distance. Even in those days the first impression was one of rare, almost singular, beauty, an impression lost in a series of small pangs as your eye

II.

rested on the ruinous details one by one; for of the great screen nothing remained but two tall uprights, surmounted by hideous knobs—the addition of some local carpenter. Between the lozenge-shaped shafts of the choir arches, the worm-riddled parclose screens dripped sawdust in little heaps. Down in the nave, bench-ends leaned askew or had been broken up, built as panels into deal pews, and daubed with paint; the floor was broken and ran in uneven waves; the walls shed plaster, and a monstrous gallery blocked the belfry arch. Upon this gallery Parson Jack had spent most of his careful, unsightly carpentry, for the simple reason that it had been unsafe; and, for the simple reason that they had let in the rain, he had provided half-a-dozen windows with new panes, solid enough, but in appearance worthy only to cover cucumbers.

As he entered with Sir Harry, the Rev. Clement Vyell swung round upon him eagerly, but paused with a just perceptible start at sight of his unclerical garb.

"Let me introduce you, Clem. This is Mr. Flood."

Parson Jack bowed, and let his eyes travel around the church, which he had often enough pitied, but of which he now for the first time felt ashamed.

"We're in a sad mess, I'm afraid," he muttered.

"It's most interesting, nevertheless," Clement Vyell answered. He was a thin-faced youth with a high pedagogic voice. "Better a church in this condition than one restored out of all whooping—though I read on the box yonder that you are collecting towards a restoration."

Parson Jack blushed hotly.

"You have made a start, eh? What are your funds in hand?"

"Two pounds four shillings—as yet."

Sir Harry laughed outright; and after a moment Parson Jack laughed too—he could not help it. But Clement Vyell frowned, having no sense of humour.

"I patch it up, you know—after a fashion." Parson Jack's tone was humble enough and propitiatory; nevertheless, he glanced at his handiwork with something like pride. "The windows, for instance—"

The younger man turned with a shudder. "I suppose now," he said abruptly, staring up at an arch connecting the choir-stalls with the southern transept, "this bit of Norman work will be as old as anything you have?"

That it was Norman came as news to Parson Jack. He, too, stared up at it, resting a palm on a crumbling bench-end.

"Well," said he ingeniously, "I'm no judge of these things, you know; but I always supposed the tower was the oldest bit."

He broke off in confusion—not at his speech, but because Clement Vyell's eyes were resting on the back of his hand, which shook with a tell-tale palsy.

"The tower," said the young man icily, "is Perpendicular, and later than 1412, at any rate, when a former belfry fell in, destroyed the nave, and cracked the pavement, as you see. All this is matter of record, as you may learn, Sir, from the books which, I feel sure, my uncle will be pleased to lend you. I need not ask, perhaps, if in the course of your—ah—excavations you have come on any traces of the original pre-Augustine Oratory, or of the conventual buildings which existed here till, we are told, the middle of the thirteenth century."

He turned away, obviously expecting no answer; addressed himself henceforward to Sir Harry, and ignored Parson Jack, who followed him abashed, yet secretly burning to hear more, and wondering where all this knowledge could be obtained.

"But it is inconceivable!" Clement Vyell protested to his uncle, half an hour later, as they rode back towards Carwithiel. "The man has had the cure of that parish for—how long, do you say?—twenty-five years, and has never had the curiosity to discover the most rudimentary facts in its history."

"A hard case," assented Sir Harry. "He lifts his elbow, too."

"Eh?"

"Drinks." Sir Harry illustrated the idiom, lifting an imaginary glass to his mouth. "Oh, it's notorious. But what the deuce can we do? Kick him out?—not so easy; and besides, he'd die under a hedge. You're hard on him, Clem. He has his notions of duty. Why"—the Baronet laughed—"I've seen him on the roof with a tar-bucket, caulking the leaks for dear life. He's a gentleman, too."

Clement Vyell tightened his lips and rode on in silence.

Left alone, Parson Jack stared around his church. His repairs, in which he had taken pride before now, seemed nakedly, hideously mean at this moment. But a new sense fought with his dejection—a sense altogether new to him—that his church had a history, a meaning into which he had never penetrated. The aisles seemed to expand, the chancel to reach up into a distance in which space and time were confused; and, following it, his eye rested on a patch of colour in the east window between the wooden tablets of the Law—a cluster of fragments of stained glass, rescued by some former Vicar and set amid the clear panes—the legs and

scarlet robe of a saint, an angel's wing, a broken legend on a scroll, part of a coat-of-arms, azure with a fess wavy of gold—all thrown together as by a kaleidoscope gone mad. Each of these scraps had once a meaning: so this church held meanings, too long ignored by him, partly intelligible yet, soon to be mixed inextricably in a common downfall. For Clement Vyell might be wise in the history of architecture, but his eye had not read the one plain warning which stared a common workman in the face, that the days of this building were surely numbered, and were probably few.

Parson Jack had a mind to run after him. He must learn, and speedily, all about the church, its builders, this old colony of monks. But where? In books doubtless. Where could those books be found?

He had almost reached the door, when his eye fell

The Rector, a widower, usually ate his dinner in the middle of the day, and immediately afterwards retired to his study (with a glass of hot brandy-and-water), presumably to meditate. At Parson Jack's entrance he started up from his arm-chair with a flushed face and a somewhat incoherent greeting, in the middle of which he suddenly observed that his friend's face, too, was agitated.

"But what brings you? Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No o," answered Parson Jack dubiously. Then, "Oh, no; on the contrary, I came to ask if you have any books bearing on this part of the world—county histories, ecclesiastical histories, and the like—especially ecclesiastical histories. I want to read up about Langona."

The Rector's eyes twinkled. "This is rather sudden, eh?"

down and filling his pipe, "I thought of restoring the church."

"My dear fellow, don't be a fool if I may speak profanely. Five thousand pounds is a tidy sum, no doubt, in Langona especially. But you'll be leaving Langona. You can buy yourself a decent little living, or retire and set up comfortably as a bachelor on £250 a year, with a cob, and a gig as you grow older."

Parson Jack shook his head. "I've been paying debts all my life, with the help of Langona," said he, puffing slowly. "And now I see that I owe the place repayment. But it isn't *that* exactly," he went on with a quickening voice and another of his shy blushes, "and I don't want you to mistake that for the real reason. The fact is, I'm attached to the place—to the church especially. It seems a silly thing to say, when I haven't troubled to learn ten words of its history, and don't know



"My dear fellow, don't be a fool."

on the two collecting-boxes. With a sudden thought he paused, drew a key from the pocket of his corduroys, and unlocked his own—the Parson's box. A sovereign lay within.

He picked up the coin and considered it, a dark flush growing on his face. Parson Jack had a temper, though few guessed it. With an effort he controlled it now, dropped the sovereign into the box labelled "Church Repairs," and walked slowly out.

He had no longer a mind to run after Clement Vyell. Instead he bent his steps towards the four-roomed cottage which he called The Parsonage, and found too large for his needs.

On the sitting-room table lay a letter, in a large blue envelope with a red seal.

III

That same day, and soon after three o'clock in the afternoon, Parson Jack knocked at the door of St. Cadox Rectory.

"After five-and-twenty years? I suppose it is." Parson Jack blushed like a schoolboy; but he laughed, nevertheless, for he held news, and it bubbled within him.

"Preparing a lecture?"

"No. The fact is"—he straightened his face—"I've just learnt of my brother Lionel's death in India. I've never seen him since we were boys," he added apologetically.

"H'm, h'm." The Rector paid his respect to Death in a serious little cough. "Still, I don't quite understand—"

"He has left me five thousand pounds."

"Ah? A very tidy sum—my dear Flood, I congratulate you; with all my heart I do. You have the prospect now of many happy days." He shook his friend's hand warmly. "But—excuse me—what has this to do with reading ecclesiastical history, of Langona or any other place?"

"Well," Parson Jack answered shyly, sitting

Norman work from—well, from any but my own." He laughed grimly, biting on his pipe-stem. "But that can be mended, I suppose—and the old barn has become a sort of companion—and that's about the long and short of it."

The Rector leaned forward and tapped the bowl of his pipe reflectively on the fender-bars.

"You are the residuary legatee, I take it. Your brother was unmarried?"

"Oh, dear no! Lionel was married, and had three children—two girls and a boy: 'has,' I should say, for I imagine they're all alive—the widow, too. I don't know where they are. The lawyers merely speak of my five thousand as a legacy; they say nothing of the rest of the will."

"That's queer." The Rector reached for his tobacco-jar.

"Eh? You mean my not knowing the whereabouts of the family? Between ourselves, I believe there was a screw loose in Lionel's domestic affairs. I know nothing definite—positively."

(To be concluded next week.)



THE GUERRILLA WARFARE IN SOUTH AFRICA: THE MISHAP TO THE 2ND ROYAL DRAGOONS (SCOTS GREYS) AT KLIPPAN, FEBRUARY 18.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK.

General Gilbert Hamilton, moving on Nigel, thirty miles south-east of Johannesburg, on February 18, engaged the enemy at Klippan. A part of the 2nd Dragoons on the left became detached from the main body, were surrounded and cut off. General Hamilton's force not being strong enough to dislodge the enemy from their position, he resumed the march to Nigel. Major Feilden, Captain Usher, and Lieutenant Rhodes were mortally wounded; two men were killed, six wounded, and forty-six captured. The latter were subsequently released.



ELABORATE SCROLL WORK AND FOLIAGE IN FLAT HAMMERED IRON-WORK.
Photo. Callcott, Teddington.

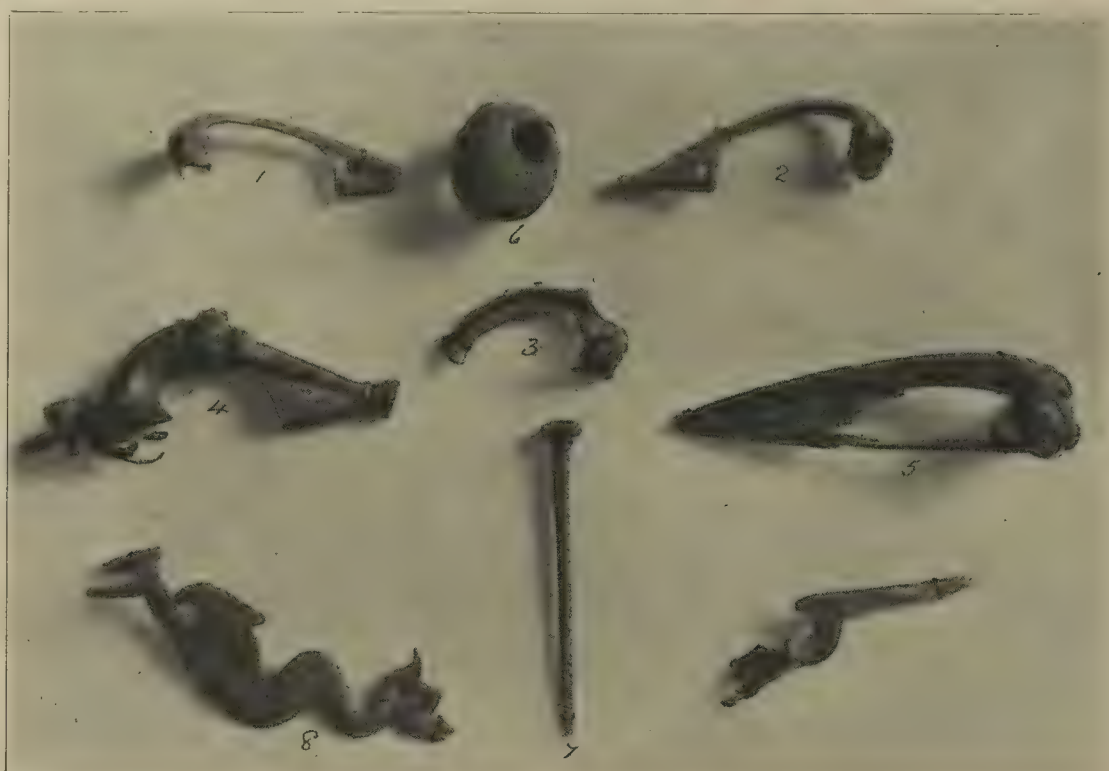


THE STAR OF THE GARTER PANEL.
Photo. Callcott, Teddington.

THE RE-ERECTION OF THE FAMOUS WROUGHT-IRON SCREENS AT HAMPTON COURT.



A STATUETTE, ACTUAL SIZE
(FRONT VIEW).



1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Remains of Roman Brooches (No. 3 is still set with blue stones; No. 4 was jewelled at the point and in cup at the opposite end; No. 5 is perfect, even to the spring of the pin). 6. A Bead of Opaque Blue Glass. 7. A Bronze Hair-Pin, broken (photograph one inch shorter than real size). 8. Ornament shaped like a Dolphin.



1. A Small Pot of Durobrivian Ware from Castor, Northants. 2. A Jar. 3. Fragment from the Potteries at Upchurch, Kent. 4. Fragment of a Mortarium studded with small Flints, also from Upchurch. 5. Fragment of a Hypocaust (bath-chamber) Tile. 6. Fragment of Samian Ware, with Moulded Figures of Lions. 7, 8, 9. Fragments of French Burr, a Volcanic Stone used for Grinding. 10, 11. Roman Knives. 12. Fragment of a rarely shaped Pitcher.



THE SAME STATUETTE
(BACK VIEW).

ROMAN REMAINS DISCOVERED AT BUSH HILL PARK, ENFIELD.

THE RECENT GALE IN THE CHANNEL

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY.



LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

An interesting fact was published the other day in the shape of an announcement that two French *savants* had succeeded in perfecting a simple apparatus which could be used to renew the oxygen in air that had become vitiated and unfit for breathing. As most of my readers know, one important constituent of foul air is that gas known as carbonic acid. Composed of two parts of oxygen in combination with one part of carbon, this gas represents our most common air impurity, and as such is given forth from our lungs as part of the body's waste. It also occurs in wells and mines, where it forms the "choke-damp" of the collier, and an atmosphere much charged with the gas is, of course, fatal to life. It is upon this carbonic acid that the French invention is specially intended to act.

The inventors use a certain chemical substance known as the dioxide of sodium. Acted upon by water, this salt breaks up into its component oxygen and sodium. The oxygen is set free into the air, and replenishes the atmosphere with the gas that is essential for life's support, while the sodium, uniting with the carbonic acid gas, forms carbonate of soda, and is thus rendered inert, or, at least, is put beyond the power of doing evil. Such a method of air-renewal is likely to find a useful application in the case of divers and miners, and as the apparatus is described as relatively simple in its character, the invention may have a future before it.

The air question, however, has been prominently brought forward of late days in another fashion. Owing to the prevalence of influenza among the Commons, experts have been called in to examine the quality of the air of the House. The idea that *la grippe* is an ailment the microbe of which is found to multiply and flourish in foul air is probably correct; hence, if the atmosphere in which our legislators perform their duties is found to be below par in the matter of purity, it may conduce to their better health if means be adopted to supply a clean atmosphere to Parliament. The air-arrangements of the Houses of Parliament comprise means for washing, heating, and cooling the atmospheric rations supplied thereto. The air enters by the floor of the House of Commons, passes upwards, and is drawn through the ceiling into a shaft by the action of a furnace placed at the base of the Clock Tower. Thence it is carried up, as by a chimney, to the top of the tower, where it escapes into the atmosphere.

This action is not unlike that whereby the open fireplace and chimney of an ordinary room act in ventilating the apartment. There are constantly drawn in currents of air which pass up the chimney, each mass of air, as it were, giving room for a fresh intake. The open grate and chimney therefore constitute a ventilating apparatus which, in the absence of any other effective means of obtaining a supply of fresh air, we could ill afford to spare. In the case of the Commons, I believe, complaints have become chronic concerning the impurity of the atmosphere, and it behoves the powers that be to institute inquiries whereby the Chamber may be made sanitary in respect of what is one of the most vital phases of that term. That other public buildings—to say nothing of our homes—fail lamentably in their air-arrangements is a notorious fact. The atmosphere of the Old Bailey, for example, is past speaking about, since that court when crowded becomes a veritable Black Hole, the effect of its insanitary state being reflected on the health of the Judges and others who are compelled for days together to remain within its precincts.

This air question deserves to be prominently and constantly kept before us in the interests of our health. We demand pure food and pure water, but the pure-air question is tacitly shelved and neglected by everybody. We should not dream of eating meat in a state of putrefaction ("high" game excepted), but we are content, apparently, to breathe into our blood air to which that description aptly applies. The reason for the public apathy regarding air is easy to understand. Our air-supply costs us nothing, and therefore we do not regard it with the jealous eye that is fixed upon things the enjoyment of which demands the opening of our purse-strings. We imagine that, being enveloped in air, we have only to inhale it to support life. That this is a mistake is obvious, for the conditions under which pure air can be supplied to our homes and halls, and under which foul air can be satisfactorily removed therefrom, are highly complex. So complex indeed are they that ordinary modes of ventilation may legitimately be described as utter failures. By their fruits we know them. When they do act they cause draughts which we cannot bear, and when they fail they leave us *in statu quo ante*.

Air is required for our bodily wants—its oxygen is part of our food—every moment we live. Yet in our houses there are rarely represented ways and means of securing an adequate supply of the pure article. All efforts to use air-currents—draughts, in plain language—as means of ventilation are failures, and the only safe and satisfactory system is that known as mechanical ventilation, where the air is set in motion by fans or allied appliances. Air is practically a solid body, and if we wish to cause it to pass in and to pass out of any place, we require to move it. This is the crux of the whole subject. Movement by draught is uncertain in its action, whereas, by aid of mechanical appliances, we can calculate exactly the course of the air. A dream of the future is that our rooms will be supplied with air as they are supplied with gas and water to-day—from a central station. The air will be delivered heated in winter and cooled in summer, and it will be extracted when foul. The turning of a tap in a room will give us what supply we need, and ensure better health than we enjoy to-day. A hundred years hence the public, I hope, may be invited to subscribe the capital of the Fresh Air Supply Company, Limited.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

G M PINCHENEY.—The solution you send appears to be a true bill against the "Sphinx"; but all interest has long disappeared in the class of which that problem was considered a fine example.

G ATCHINSON (Peterborough).—Your problem shall be examined. Why, however, is it sent upside down?

W T PIERCE.—Thanks for amended diagram. We trust to find it all right now.

E B V HUSSEY (Peterborough).—You are quite right about No. 3022; the solution you send is not the author's. We are much obliged for your interesting information and your kind appreciation.

A W DANIEL (Newcastle-on-Tyne) AND N M GIBBINS.—Thanks for problems.

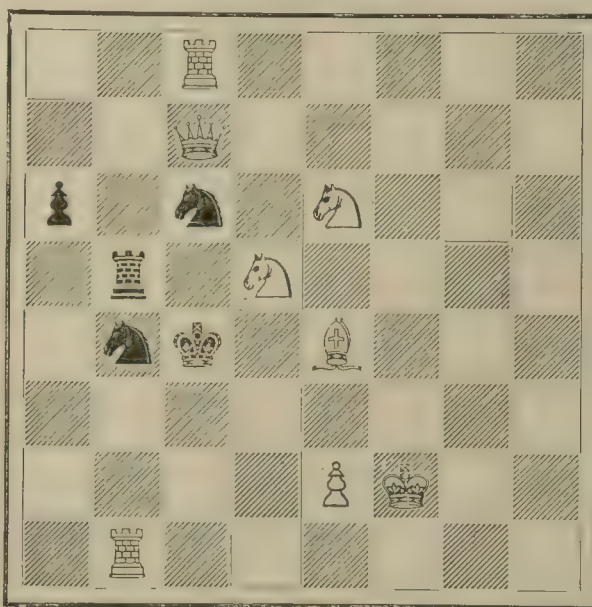
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3015 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad) and F G Arnold (Assiniboia); of No. 3017 from M Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and T Dell (Callander, Ceylon); of No. 3019 from Raoul Tinbert (Cannes); of No. 3020 from Charles Burnett, John Kelly (Glasgow), and Clement C Danby; of No. 3021 from W P Hind, T Shoebridge (Uckfield), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), John C J (Eastbourne), W E Brandreth (Preston), Raoul Tinbert (Cannes), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), T Colledge Halliburton (Jedburgh), Joseph O'ford (Liverpool), Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), John R Milne (Peebles), Laura Greaves (Shelton), M A Eyre (Folkestone), E B V Hussey (Peterborough), Dr. Harland (South Shields), and Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3022 received from Thomas M Eglinton (Handsworth), Clement C Danby, Lance-Corporal Laxton (Windsor), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Charles Burnett, Shadforth, Eugene Henry (Nunhead), Alpha, Martin F, John C Wilkinson (Forest Gate), Sorrento, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), T Roberts, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), E J Winter-Wood, J Harvey (Colchester), W A Lillico (Edinburgh), Charles Slade, Reginald Gordon, W Marriott (Chislehurst), F W Moore (Brighton), W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), J Pybourn (Bolton-on-Dearm), E B V Hussey (Peterborough), and W D Easton (Sunderland).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3021.—By H. D'O. BERNARD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. P to B 5th Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3024.—By W. A. CLARK.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS BY CABLE.

Game played in the cable match England v. America between Messrs. F. J. MARSHALL and H. E. ATKINS.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
Mr. M. (America)	Mr. A. (England)	Mr. M. (America)	Mr. A. (England)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	13. P to Q R 3rd	R to K R 3rd
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	14. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 4th
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	15. Q to Kt 3rd	R to K 6th
4. B to Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	16. K to Kt 2nd	Q to R 3rd
5. Kt to K B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	17. R to R 3rd	Xt to B 3rd
6. P to K 3rd	Kt to K 5th	18. Q to B 2nd	B to Q 2nd
7. B takes B	Q takes B	19. K to Kt sq	P to B 5th
8. Kt takes Kt		20. K P takes P	P takes P
White can, of course, make a better opening and get a safer game than is suggested by these moves. This capture of the Knight is to invite a strong counter-attack, and to get generally a cramped position. The Black King's Pawn is very troublesome, and not easily got rid of.		21. Kt takes P	Kt takes Kt
9. Kt to Q 2nd	P takes Kt	22. Q takes Kt	R to K sq
10. B to K 2nd	P to K B 4th	23. Q to B 3rd	P takes P
11. Castles	P to K 4th	24. B P takes P	Q to Kt 3rd (ch)
12. P to Q 5th		25. P to B 5th	Q takes P
Not so good as Kt to Kt 3rd. Then if P takes P, Kt takes P, and there is no harm done.		26. Q to B 2nd	Q takes Q P
13. R to B 3rd		27. K to Q sq	Q to K 3rd
Black's attack is advancing rapidly. He now threatens R to K R 3rd, followed by Q to R 5th, which moves are not easily to be met.		28. B to B 3rd	B to B 3rd
		29. B takes B	Q takes B
		30. R to K B sq	Q to Q 2nd
		31. Q takes P	P to Q Kt 3rd
		32. Q to Kt 7th	R to R 3rd
		33. Q to B 3rd	R to K B 3rd
		34. Q to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to R sq
		35. R takes R	P takes R
		36. Q to K B 3rd	Q to Q 7th
		There is nothing to prevent R to K 8th except a useless check. Black played the game very well.	

Another game in the same match between Messrs. T. B. GIRDLESTONE and H. HELMES.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
Mr. G. (England)	Mr. H. (America)	Mr. G. (England)	Mr. H. (America)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	15. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt P takes P
2. P to K 3rd	Xt to K B 3rd	16. P to Q 5th	P to Q 5th
3. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	17. Q to K sq	P to Kt 4th
4. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	18. Kt to K 2nd	P to K 4th
5. P to Q R 3rd	P to Q B 4th	19. P takes P	B P takes P
6. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	20. P to B 3rd	Kt takes Kt
7. P to Q Kt 3rd		21. Q takes Kt	P to B 5th
The variation of the Queen's Pawn game is old-fashioned, and P to Kt 3rd is not very good. We suggest as superior P takes Q P or B to Q 3rd.		22. P to Q Kt 4th	B to Kt sq
7. B to Kt 2nd	B to Kt 2nd	23. Q R to K sq	Q to Q 2nd
8. B to Q 3rd	R to B sq	24. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Q 4th
9. Castles	B to Q 3rd	Black promptly takes advantage of all White's errors, of which Q to B 2nd is obviously one.	
10. P to R 3rd	Kt to K 5th	25. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to K 6th
11. Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th	26. R to B 2nd	R to K B 2nd
12. B to Kt 2nd	Castles	27. R to Q B sq	R to Kt 2nd
13. Kt to B 4th		28. B to K 4th	B takes B
Effect's only for the moment. Black would be ill advised to take the Knight, opening the centre file, and giving White a good position at K 5th for the King's Knight later.		29. P takes B	P to Kt 5th
13. Q to K sq		After this there seems to be nothing left for White.	
14. R to B sq	Q Kt to B 3rd	30. P to B 5 (dis. ch)	K to R sq
15. Q P takes P		31. P takes P	R takes Kt P
		32. P to Kt 3rd	Q R to K Kt sq
		33. R to K B 3rd	R to K 5th
		34. K to B 2nd	R to R 7th (ch)
		35. K to K sq	P to Q 6th
		White resigns.	

"LAST POST."

BY AN EX-YEOMAN.

It is ten o'clock at night in Aldershot. A few minutes before the hour all is bustle and hurry. Late arrivals from the town hurry through the gates, anxious to report themselves before they are placed upon the fatal list marking them absent; orderly-sergeants present their reports to the "Regimental"; in the barrack-rooms, men who have not "made down" their beds set about doing so; others divest themselves of their uniforms, and pipe in mouth, get between the blankets. The great family which we call "the regiment" prepares itself for slumber—another day in the service of the King is over. As the hour is struck on the gong which hangs outside the brigade guard-room, all over the camp, near and far, sounding harsh and strident close by, but mellowed into a plaintive richness on the more distant barrack squares, rings out the call for sleep. "Last Post"—the soldier's "Good-night." In another quarter of an hour it will be "Lights Out!" "Another day in towards my seven," says the six-year man, with a yearning for the time when his bondage will be over.

Commonplace enough—nothing in the phrase to strike into flame the smouldering ashes of memory? Perhaps not—to the man whose soldiering has gone no further than the barrack-square or the manoeuvre-camp. But he who has ever known war must be soulless indeed who, looking back upon other scenes, remembering the solemn insignificance which the "call" has often had, does not feel within him the stirrings of emotion. Let us gaze upon such a scene. Let us go far away from Aldershot, from the barrack-square and drill-ground, with their military pomp and display, to a wild and huge country where dusty drab-coloured soldiers tramp and fight—ragged and hungry and weary, often sick at heart, but never despairing—doing the work for which they alone exist.

Midday upon the veld. The column halted for an hour or two, for the patient beasts must have water and food; sunlight flooding the whole plain, and making the burnished sides of the rocks on the neighbouring hills flash with the radiance of many-coloured flame; sun-heat reducing weary bodies to exhaustion; men snatching a brief rest—silent and somnolent—wherever there is a particle of shade. A wearisome morning—a long night, one of many, "out of bed"—the mounted men well-nigh played out. Nerves continually on the stretch—constant outpost duty and scouting—and snipe, snipe, snipe all the time. One here, two there, hit. Only this morning a smart young fellow far away on the flank dropped like a rabbit to the crack of an unseen rifle. Men of his company have been busy this last hour with pick and shovel under that meagre tree by the farmhouse nestling under the shade of the kopje. They have done now, and stand, resting upon their implements, beside the shallow trench they have dug. Thither wends a little procession—slowly and solemnly. A handful of men, dirty and ragged, yet not lacking in dignity, with rifles at "the reverse"; others making their way independently, but quiet and orderly, to the spot; the chaplain in his gown; the General is already there to salute the party carrying a stretcher, upon which lies a still figure, entirely covered all but the feet, which protrude from beneath the cloak, stained and discoloured by many a raging night in the open. Strange and, to me, rather incongruous—the General salutes the Thing on the stretcher! Only this morning it was a humble private soldier, to be bullied and chivied hither and thither by the most junior of lance-corporals—a mere unit, of less account than a remount or a trek-ox. And now that earthly tenement is received with all honour. He has learned the great secret; is beyond all our little condemnation or praise. Highest and lowest salute the dead. The irony of it all!

Much there is of the incongruous—more that is merely matter-of-fact and commonplace—ay, even casual to one beholding it for the first time. We are not callous really—but our sensibilities are blunted, as, indeed, they must be for the time if one is to keep one's health and do one's work. Little emotion is to be seen in the faces of these who stand round the grave as the service goes on—it is there, but deep, deep down. The beautiful words of the Burial Service may fall upon some deaf ears—such, alas! is the penalty of familiarity, and we have heard them daily, but the sound of the bugle as "Last Post" is blown invariably seems to thrill all to a greater solemnity, not unmingled with a strange kind of hopefulness: does it not bring home to us the words of the chaplain, and convey to us the idea of blissful sleep which robs death of its terrors? We bid our departed comrade farewell with "Last Post"—in effect we say, "Good-night, sleep well." I like to think that we do that—that as we lay to rest the man who has fought alongside us and shared with us the rough and the smooth of life in the field, that as we leave him, our last words should be uttered, as it were, by the bugle-sound which has always announced that the stress and turmoil of the day is over. It is a fitting act, and somehow or other, so strangely are we constituted, carries conviction to many who have been wont to hear Death spoken of as Sleep with indifference. Yet not hard to understand; for to a soldier does not the sound of "Last Post" suggest—must it not do so?—that, after the sleep, will inevitably come the "Reveille" of the morrow?

So is it strange that to those of us who have ever stood by the grave of a comrade on the lonely veld, or witnessed the self-same ceremony on board a ship in mid-ocean when our dead is committed to the bosom of the deep—is it strange that one of the most abiding memories of our soldier days is that of "Last Post" when it meant a last "good-night"? We who have been soldiers and are so no longer will not soon forget how the sound moved us; while those who still serve may, perchance, as they hear the same plaintive, long-drawn-out cadences safe at home in barracks, stop just a moment in reflection when they remember what the familiar "call" has sometimes signified to them in the days gone by.



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LADIES' PAGES.

Women who feel sympathy with their sisters in far-off lands must rejoice that the Dowager-Empress of China has made a special edict against foot-binding. Mrs. Archibald Little, the Englishwoman who first founded an anti-foot-binding society among the Chinese, recently observed that out of the evil of the recent cruelties and horrors of war in China good was likely to result from the experience of the sufferings that the poor Chinese women were subjected to in consequence of their inability to run away when danger was near. This had convinced men of the desirability of abolishing the practice who had remained impervious to the arguments about the diminished working power and loss of happiness in adult life, and the cruel suffering in early years resulting to their women from the tiny-foot fashion. The Dowager-Empress is frequently spoken of in our Press as a mere dull conservative, incapable of appreciating the benefits of any changes, and fixed against all reforms. But the extraordinary manner in which she retains her hold on power, whatever occurs, ought alone to be sufficient to indicate that she must be a person of remarkable tact and judgment. It is well known that it was by her influence that railways were allowed to be built in China, and this new edict against a custom so old and universal as foot-binding is a further proof that the Empress herself is capable of progress. No doubt, however, the secret of her long-continued occupation of her place of authority is due to her ability to understand just how far it is wise for her to lead in new directions; and to Western minds that may well seem like standing still. But if she can succeed in altering the foot-binding fashion, future generations of her countrywomen will look back to her with reverence as a great reformer. Doctors who have practised in China have terrible tales to tell of the agonies endured by the girls from this preposterous mutilation: we all know something of the pain of a boot that is only a little too tight, but the Chinese children's feet are compressed for day after day till the toes mortify and the bones are crushed out of shape. Opium is given them, to the ruin of digestion and nerves, to enable them to sleep under the torture! The Dowager-Empress's own feet are natural, as she is a Manchu, and they do not follow the evil custom. Li-Hung-Chang wrote his condemnation of it on Mrs. Little's fan; the precious document has since been shown at many meetings that she has called on the subject, and has always been received with great respect. Now surely the Dowager-Empress's edict will settle the matter for good!

How rapid changes may be when the reason for them is good and some influential support is secured, is shown in our own country by the progress of the University education of women. Only twenty-five years ago no University degrees were open to women: London University was the first to remove the sex barrier, and



A SPRING GOWN IN LIGHT CLOTH.

that was only in 1878. Now most of the Universities either admit women to degrees on the same terms as men, as do, for instance, all the Scotch Universities, or else make some provision for their examination or training while refusing the formal degree, as is done at Cambridge and Oxford. Now the news comes that old Trinity College, Dublin, the last to lag behind, is about to advance into line, and is considering what can be done to promote the higher education of women in connection with its arrangements. When Cambridge first provided examination for women, the memorial on which they proceeded was signed chiefly by eminent men, including Huxley, Ruskin, and Tennyson, and it sufficed.

It is reported that a painting by Rosa Bonheur that has never been exhibited is in existence in Nebraska, U.S.A. The great artist made studies day after day in "Buffalo Bill's" show when it was in Paris in 1889, and this picture is supposed to have been painted and given by her in recognition of some individual's courtesies at that time. Judged by the commercial standard, Rosa Bonheur is the greatest woman artist the world has yet seen; no women, and exceedingly few men, have obtained higher prices. The famous artist was not fond of money, and valued the large sums she received as a token of the world's appreciation of her talent. How pleased she well might be could she look into the room in the Luxembourg devoted wholly to the display of the studies by herself and Meissonier! Each of these great artists has one large wall allotted to the works that show to some extent how they gained their skill.

While the fashion of make of the evening gowns of the Coronation year is somewhat varied, all agree in being highly ornamented and produced "regardless of expense." Empire or Louis XV. or Marie Antoinette influences are visible in the form, but in every style the rich embroideries that are the garniture, together with lace and spangles, are the principal feature. Diaphanous fabrics laid over rich silks and satins, and adorned with ribbon-work and silk and sequins and bullion thread and appliqué chiffon and lace motifs, all or several of these materials combined into one embroidery, produce an impression of luxuriousness combined with dainty refinement. Pearl and gold beads play a large part, too, in passementeries for evening wear. Silver and jet make an always effective combination. Stones, precious and semi-precious, diamonds, turquoises, topazes, and amethysts glitter in gold thread meshes.

Day gowns are perhaps a little less long, at any rate they are less "swirly" than erst they were, but evening trains grow ever longer, and the Coronation season bids fair to make a record in this respect. There are many rich patterns in silks that deserve to be seen displayed at full length. Crystalline tells the tale of its glistening surface in its name. Armure, the slightly corded silk that has a very rich effect—it is corded both ways, not only a single rib—is graceful in its lights and shades.

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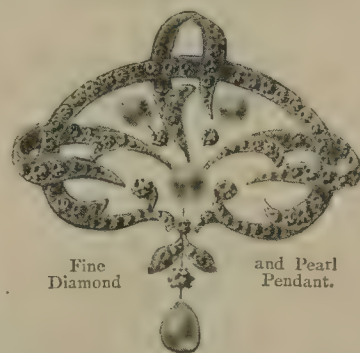
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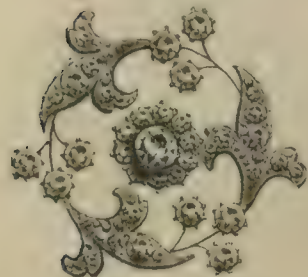


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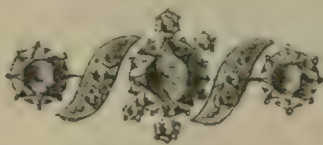
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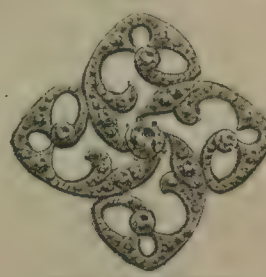


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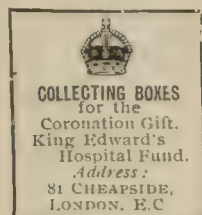
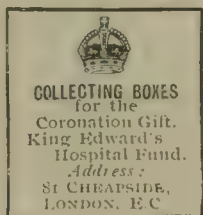
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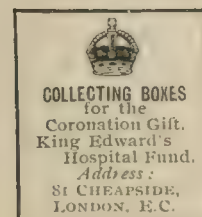
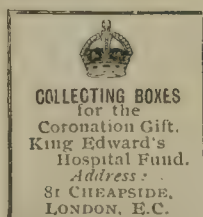
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Satin crêpe-de-Chine made a lovely evening gown in pale blue, with innumerable ruchings at the foot, then shaped by tucks to the figure, holding it in to the place where it was set in a belt to catch it in under the bust by way of waist, the soft material lending itself incomparably to this folding; and there was a trimming on the skirt and on the belt, of pearl embroidery worked upon fine net. Another gown was of pink satin veiled with net, embroidered with pearls and chiffon in large rosettes at intervals, chains of pearls passing between the designs, and a frou-frou of flouncings footing it; it had a pointed bodice with a folded chiffon vest, and a Marie Antoinette fichu of lace falling in long ends below the waistline, the sleeves and an ornament in the centre of the bust harmonising with the skirt in embroidery. Another exquisite pink satin dress was veiled with white dentelle filet sprinkled with gold paillettes and worked lightly with gold thread all over, and trimmed with an embroidery of gold chiffon roses, and their leaves in green. Real lace flounces are, of course, always fashionable, and no woman who possesses a handsome bit of lace need hesitate to apply it in some form to her evening dress. If there is a certain diminution in the popularity of lace, it is not that sort that is meant, but the imitation, however fine—the encrustations of machine-made Brussels, or Chantilly, or Valenciennes, the tambour net, the Luxeuil lace, and all that which has been so much used and has been costly, indeed, but of course, absolutely cheap beside the genuine hand-worked filmy fabric.

Net is lined with chiffon for girls, giving a light effect that is dainty for dancing. Chiffon over silk, too, arranged in multitudinous frills to the knee, is graceful for a girl. On the bodices, a band of flat trimming may surround the square-cut opening, and a berthe of lace or tulle fall from below that instead of directly from the décolletage. Artificial flowers are used to trim such little frocks, both on bodice and skirt, in preference to the elaborate embroideries of the young matron. The most vivid colour is permitted with a white dress, and trails of leaves are used in autumn tints also. Clusters of blossoms are sometimes arranged at intervals round the top of the flounces, in quite an old fashion revived, and a very pretty one too. White over a colour is nice for a girl's frock, and then the blossoms that trim it would harmonise. Thus a pink slip speaks of roses, a heliotrope one of violets or lilac branches, a yellow underskirt of laburnum or buttercups. On the head will appear some adornment in harmony. If the hair be dressed low, more flowers can be worn than with the high cluster of curls. A triple bandeau is not excessive over the crown of the lightly waved head, with a cluster of the same flowers that trim the



A SPRING GOWN WITH COFFEE-COLOURED LACE.

frock arranged behind the ear, or twisted into the bands on the top according to the blossom's character. Plain green wreaths may be substituted if the flower be such as does not suitably appear on the head. One would hardly like waving laburnum branches, for instance, in the hair; it would be too similar to "the fair Ophelia, all distraught." In such a case, a close-set wreath of maiden-hair, sloping down from the centre of the head to the ear on each side, or passing quite round the head, is becoming. Ivy leaves, too, are so worn, and are particularly interesting relieved against dark locks. Wreaths of bronzed leaves, and even gold leaves like the crown of a Roman conqueror, are chosen in some cases; or again, wreaths of velvet blossoms or leaves are selected. Tulle wisps support diamond coronets. In fact, it seems almost as if married women were returning to the Empire turbans for evening wear.

Dainty cravats and etceteras of that order are in place always in a woman's toilette, and the variety of them is endless. Any bits of lace, ribbon, silk, embroidery, and passementerie can be used up in this manner by deft fingers. A maid who can construct such airy trifles is a treasure to her mistress, for large prices are charged in the shops to pay for the taste and skill, and also for the perishable nature of the commodity, while the materials are a mere nothing. Description of such minute matters is not easily understood, but a few specimens may be essayed. A Pompadour ribbon is combined with a white silk muslin, the latter forming the neckband, the cravat shape also being made in it, and then the fancy ribbon drawn down and knotted three times over the front of the muslin folds. A spotted Bretonne net folded zig-zag so as to fall in three tiers, with each of the edges trimmed with a panne ribbon about an inch wide, and the neckband similarly trimmed along top and bottom, finishes irregularly in front. A mousseline-de-soie spotted with small black chenille pastilles has been used in another case to support small cravat-ends of fine real point d'Alençon lace, that can, of course, be picked off after it has served this turn, and be again employed for some other use. A ruche of a similar spotted mousseline-de-soie tipped with a narrow line of white ostrich-feather trimming was perhaps too elaborate for home manufacture. But a tiny strip of brown fur edging a band of white and cherry-coloured ribbon, which was used both for neckband and stock-ends, finished off with gilt ferret tips, would easily be managed.

The first of the charming spring gowns sketched by our Artist this week is in light cloth, the skirt and bodice both tucked. It is trimmed by means of lace motifs and silk cord, of which latter trimming knots are formed, the hanging ends finished by smart little tassels. A large hat of velvet and lace is worn with the costume. The second is also in light cloth, trimmed by means of tucks and motifs of coffee-coloured lace. Bows of velvet with hanging ends decorate the bodice. The vest and cuffs are of chiffon. The hat is formed of lace, ornamented by a large bow of velvet.

F. ILOMENA.

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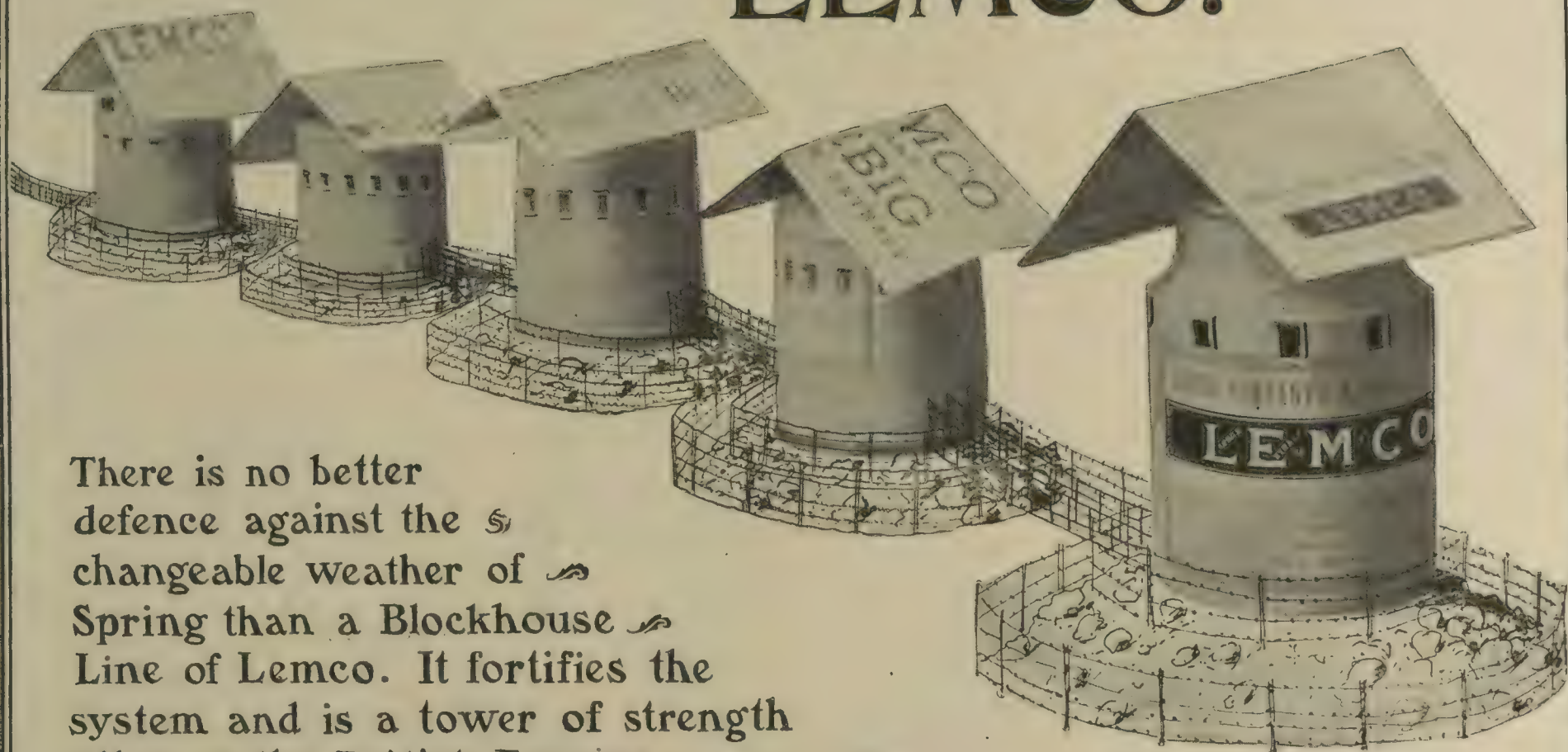
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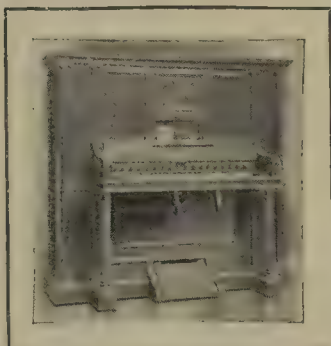


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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 23, 1900) of Mrs. Agnes Anne Grafton Blacker, of 34, Lennox Gardens, S.W., who died on Feb. 12, was proved on March 5 by William Isaac Shard, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £286,869. The testatrix bequeaths £10,000 to her cousin Charles Shard junior; £5000 each to her cousins Sophie Aufrère Stewart, Dawson Shard, and Henrietta Stewart; an annuity of £300 to Samuel Fyler; her plate with the Blacker crest to Count Christophe Anthony Wydenbruch; and legacies to servants. The residue of her property she leaves to William Isaac Shard.

The will (dated Dec. 6, 1872), with a codicil (dated Jan. 1, 1902), of Mr. Robert Alexander Smith, of West Hill, Richmond, who died on Jan. 18, has been proved by Mrs. Georgina Elizabeth Smith, the widow, Archibald Edward Young, and Cartaret Ernest Fletcher, the executors, the value of the estate being £104,853. The testator bequeaths £4100 and his household furniture to his wife; £100 and his law books, office furniture, and safes to his partner William Burrell; £100 each to A. E. Young and C. E. Fletcher; and legacies to clerks and servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for her life or widowhood, and then to his sisters, Harriet W. Young, Agnes W. Fletcher, and Lucy Eleanor Smith, and his brother Frederick George Hume Smith.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1898) of Mr. Augustin King George, of 43, Sussex Square, Brighton, who died on

Feb. 6, was proved on March 17 by Duncan George and Arthur George, the sons, and Henry Attlee, the executors, the value of the estate being £97,730. The testator gives his freehold residence, with the effects therein, to his daughter Mabel; the Bradfield House Farm, Essex, to his son Duncan; the property at Haggerston and two farms in Essex to his son Arthur; and £100 to Henry Attlee. The residue of his property he leaves to his three children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1895), with three codicils (dated Feb. 24, 1896, Feb. 18, 1897, and June 16, 1898), of Mr. Charles Aubrey Aubrey, of Dorton House, Bucks, and Llantrythid, Glamorgan, who died on Dec. 28, was proved on March 17 by Henry Frederick Nicholl, Admiral Henry Boys, and Henry Manisty, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £96,505. The testator gives £500 each to the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, and the Bucks General Infirmary, Aylesbury; £600, on trust, for the Schools at Chilton; £200 between the cottagers on his Bucks and Oxford estates; £100 between the cottagers on the Glamorgan estate; £7000 to his brother, Aubrey Ricketts; £5000, upon trust, for his niece, Laura Sophia Ricketts; £4500 to his sister, Julia Ann Bonnor; £1600 to Admiral Boys; £1800 to Henry Frederick Nicholl; £500 to Henry Manisty; £800, an annuity of £350, and certain furniture to his housekeeper; and other legacies. All his real estate is to follow the trusts of the will of Sir John Aubrey, and the residue of his personal estate, subject to the life interest of his sister, Julia Ann Bonnor, is to be held upon like trusts.

The will (dated March 12, 1895), with two codicils (dated March 12 and June 22, 1895), of Mr. John Lewis Phipps, of Kenton Lodge, Harrow, and Arnisdale Forest, near Glenelg, Inverness, who died on Jan. 11, was proved on March 18 by Richard Mountford Wood, one of the executors, the value of the estate being £89,961. The testator gives £2000 to his wife, Mary Jane Phipps; £300 per annum to his mother, Julia Phipps; £500 to Richard Mountford Wood; £30,000 to his younger children, but should there be only one child in addition to an eldest son, then this sum is reduced to £20,000; and £300 each to his huntsman, Charles Turner, and his stud-groom, John Doel. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his wife for life, and at her death he settles the same on his son, John Nigel Phipps, with remainder to his first and other sons.

The will (dated March 14, 1898) of Colonel Demetrius Wyndham Grevis James, of Ightham Court, near Sevenoaks, and 36, Bolton Gardens, S.W., who died on Dec. 10, was proved on March 18 by the Rev. James Sandford Bailey and Edward Norman Knocker, two of the executors, the value of the estate being £73,271. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Harriett Jane Dubois; £250, the enjoyment for life of 36, Bolton Gardens, with the furniture, etc., therein, and an annuity of £550, to his wife, Mrs. Harriett Jane James; the furniture and domestic effects at Ightham Court and £100 to James Sandford Bailey; £500 to Mrs. Bailey, the wife of his nephew Edmund; and £200

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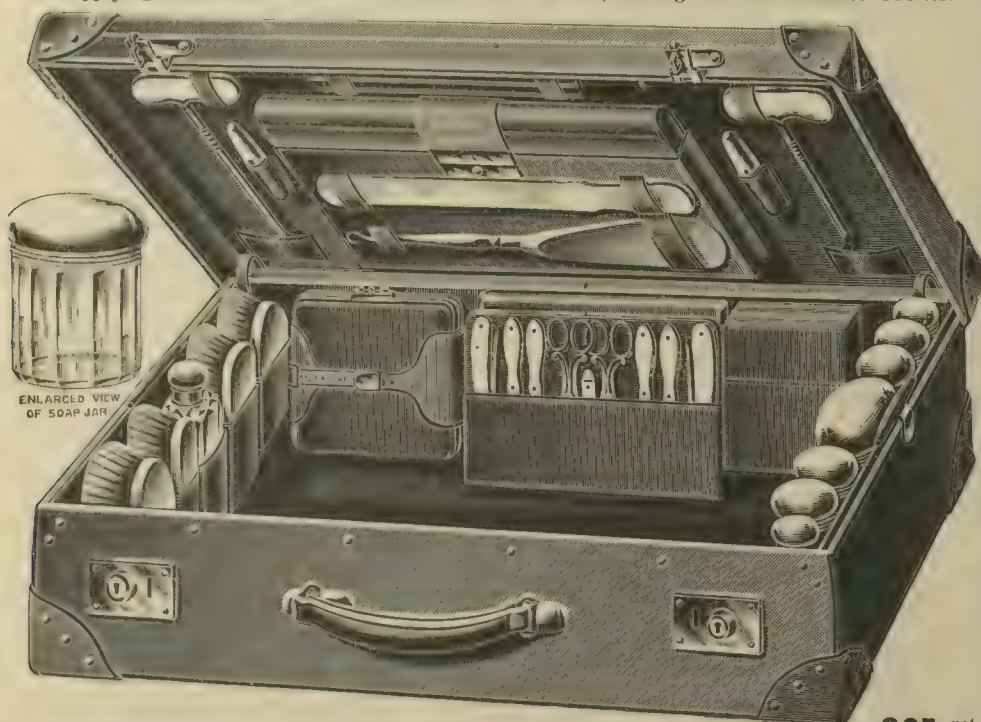
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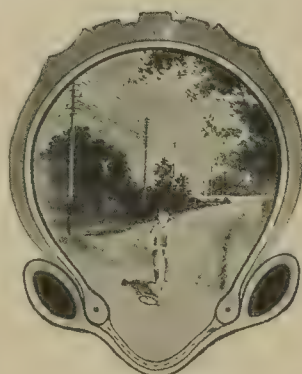
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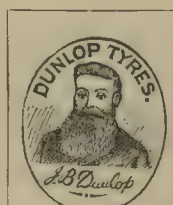
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each to Ellen Davis and Henry Gibbs. The residue of his property he leaves between his nephews Edmund Wyndham Grevis Bailey and Arthur Francis James, and his niece Ada James.

The will (dated May 17, 1897), with a codicil (dated June 27, 1898), of Miss Frances Hester Robinson, of 32, Sheen Road, Richmond, and formerly of 9, Chesham Street, Belgrave Square, who died on Feb. 26, was proved on March 18 by Alfred Percy Doulton, the value of the estate being £55,395. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to the Society for Granting Annuities to the Poor Adult Blind, the School for the Indigent Blind (Linden House, Wandsworth), the British Home for Incurables (Streatham), and the Deaf and Dumb Asylum (Old Kent Road); £1000 each to Charing Cross Hospital and the Brompton Consumption Hospital; £5000, upon trust, for Mary K. Kirton for life, and then for her brother, Fred Dalgarno Robinson; £2100 between Sarah Emily Robinson and Hester Ann Robinson; and other legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to her brother, Fred Dalgarno Robinson; but he having predeceased her, it will be divided among her next of kin as though she had died intestate.

The will (dated July 21, 1897) of Mr. John Kemp Starley, of Barrs Hill House, Coventry, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on March 18 by Richard Starley, the brother, John Kemp Starley, the son, and Llewellyn Avice, the executors, the value of the estate being £47,167 4s. 9d. The testator gives £1000 and his household furniture and the use of his residence and during her widowhood an annuity of £1000, or of £500 per annum should she again marry, to his wife, Mrs. Abigail Starley; and £250 each to his executors. Subject thereto his property is to be held upon trust for his children in equal shares.

On Tuesday, March 25, the *Brussels*, a steamer intended for the Great Eastern Railway Company's Harwich-Antwerp service, was launched at Messrs. Gourlay Brothers and Co.'s yard at Dundee. The christening ceremony was performed by Miss Drury, daughter of the Superintendent of the Great Eastern Railway. The fittings of the ss. *Brussels* are of the most modern type, and particular attention has been given to the ventilation. A special feature of the sleeping accommodation is the large number of two-berthed cabins.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Bishop of London's sermons at St. Paul's during Holy Week attracted enormous congregations. The crowds were all the more remarkable because of the comparatively moderate attendance throughout the earlier part of Lent. One of the most striking of the Bishop's addresses was on the character of Judas, whose business ability, applied to wrong ends, led him ultimately to the greatest of crimes. His one dominant idea, that of becoming the treasurer of a great kingdom, led to his betrayal of his Master. The Bishop spoke extempore on each occasion. His voice is somewhat less powerful than that of the Bishop of Stepney, but his words reached with wonderful clearness far beyond the limits of the dome.

An excellent little book on modern missions, by Bishop Montgomery, has just been added to the Handbooks for the Clergy Series (Longmans). The new Secretary of the S.P.G. surveys the mission-field literally from China to Peru, and discusses the heathen faiths of Asia and Africa. One of the most interesting chapters is that devoted to Jewish missions. The Bishop reminds us that in England a few years ago there were 3000 converted Jews and in Germany 5000. He points out that in



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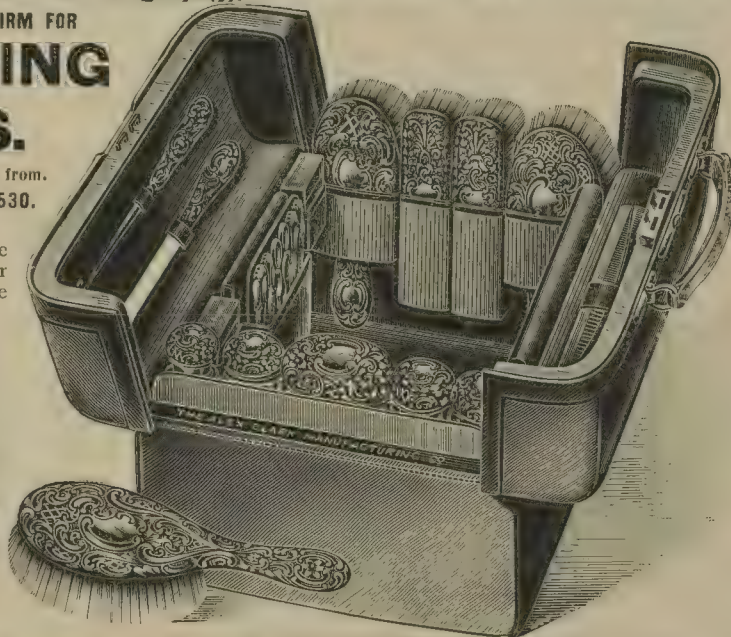
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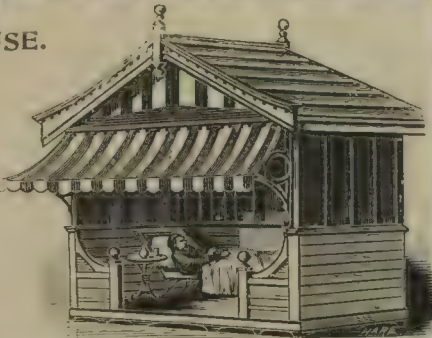
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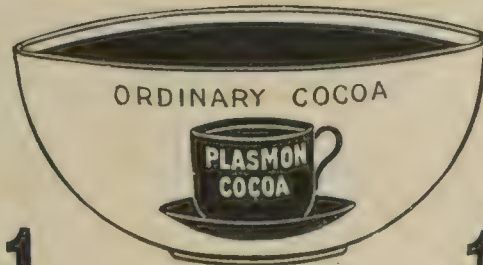
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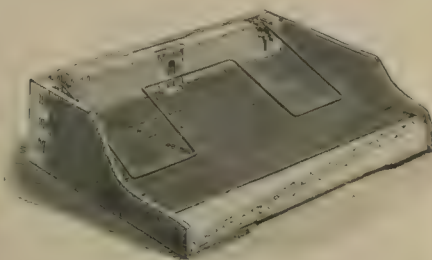
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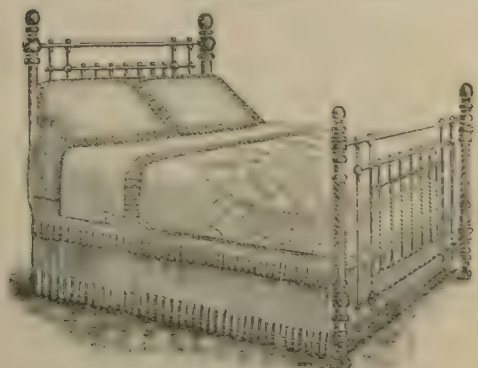
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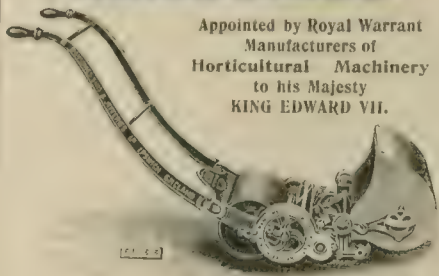
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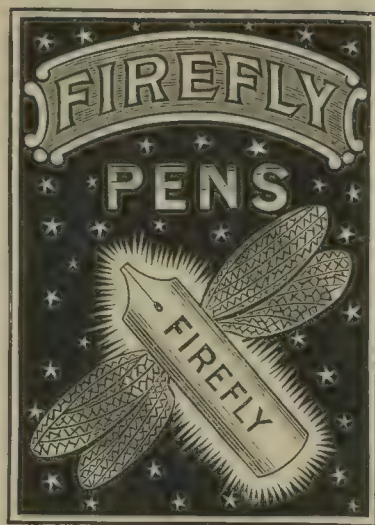
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KHARTOUM, THE WHITE NILE, AND FASHODA OF TO-DAY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR EDMUND LECHMERE, BART.



1. THE NUGGER IN WHICH SIR E. LECHMERE'S PARTY SAILED UP THE WHITE NILE.
2. SHILLUK BOATMEN, NEAR FASHODA.
3. HEAD OF A ROAN ANTELOPE SHOT BY ONE OF THE PARTY.

4. FASHODA OF TO-DAY: FROM THE RIVER.
5. LADY LECHMERE, ONE OF THE ONLY TWO ENGLISHWOMEN WHO HAVE VISITED FASHODA.

6. THE LANDING-PLACE, FASHODA.
7. THE MAIN STREET, FASHODA.
8. A STREET IN OMDURMAN.
9. THE SIRDAR'S PALACE, KHARTOUM.



"BEN-HUR," AT DRURY LANE: THE SCENE AT THE FOUNTAIN OF CASTALIA.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Twenty-Six Men and a Girl. By Maxim Gorky. Translated by Emily Jakowleff and Dora Montefiore. (London: Duckworth. 1s. 6d.)

Tales from Gorky. (London: Jarrold. 6s.)

High Treason. (London: John Murray. 6s.)

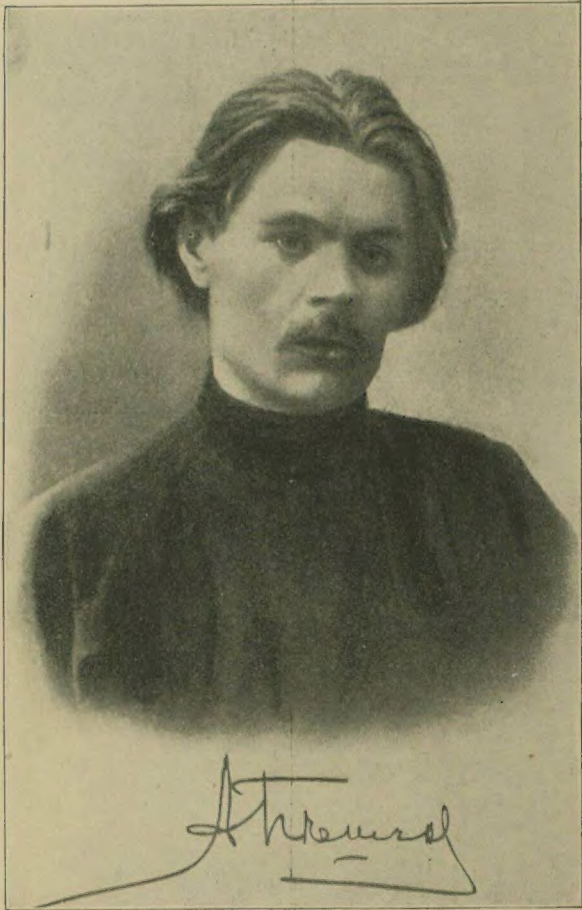
Anecdotal Recollections of the Congress of Vienna. By the Comte A. de la Garde-Chambonas. (London: Chapman and Hall. 15s.)

Bacon and Shakespeare. By Albert F. Calvert. (London: Dean and Son.)

Life of Sir William Wilson Hunter, K.C.S.I. By Francis Henry Skrine. (London: Longmans. 16s.)

Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance. By L. J. Freeman, M.A. (London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

It is impossible to read many pages of the works of Maxim Gorky without understanding why the eye of



MAXIM GORKY (ALEXIS PYESHKOV).

REFUSED ADMISSION TO THE RUSSIAN IMPERIAL ACADEMY.
Reproduced from "Tales from Gorky" by permission of Messrs. Jarrold and Sons.

Russian authority should look askance at this new force in European literature. For here is the voice of one who has himself sounded the lowest deep of the people's sorrows, and one who can, through creative imagination, give them fearless expression. Thus it comes about that "Maximus the Bitter" was "shunted in the direction of the Caucasus," and that only the other day the Czar denied him admission to the Section of Belles Lettres of the Imperial Academy. In his long novel, "Foma Gordyeev," Gorky displays all the faults of prolixity which characterise Turgeniev, but in his short stories, of which two translated collections lie before us, he has his material better in hand; and while always minute in his observations alike of mind or matter, his descriptions are in truer focus and proportion. The most notable of his short stories is without doubt "Tchelkash," a strange tale of a dock thief, who bent a simple country youth to his will for one predatory expedition. As a study in the psychology of the strong and the weak, this must take rank as a masterpiece, but the shorter sketch, "Twenty-six Men and a Girl," called in the other collection "Twenty-six of Us and One Other," is more movingly human in its inhumanity. That it is a transcript from life, reminiscent of Gorky's own experience as a baker's drudge, cannot destroy the illusion of the episode. For Gorky, utter realist though he be, compels belief with the first stroke he draws, and, curiously enough, his work, even at its grimmest, leaves no unwholesome flavour. Of the two translations, the "Tales from Gorky" are rendered in, if anything, more idiomatic English, but the balance hangs evenly at mediocrity. Mr. Nisbet Bain's introduction is valuable only for the facts of the author's life it records, while Mr. Edward Garnett's appreciation in the other volume is remarkable as a triumph of the commonplace.

In the pages of a novel entitled "High Treason" an anonymous writer displays no small measure of ability. When compared with the ordinary historical novel, this romance of the days of George II. is as a stream of water in a parched land. For happily this scribe *incognito* has not deemed it necessary to handicap his characters with cumbrous forms of speech, nor to weary his readers with superfluous detail. He has a good story to tell, and he tells it with much force and lucidity, and with a complete mastery of the King's English which is most refreshing. Properly speaking, this is not a novel of adventure, and perhaps the introspective element, uncommon nowadays in books of this order, in some degree accounts for its peculiar charm. Courageous Sophy, with her Jacobite tendencies and her impulsive nature, is an engaging heroine; nor is her lover anything behind her in point of interest; while the portrait of Charles Edward throws some fresh light upon the Stuart disposition, with its

mingled charm and weakness. Altogether, this is a notable achievement, and the writer, be he 'prentice or experienced journeyman, has our congratulations.

The author of "An Englishman in Paris" has translated an amusing volume which has been neglected for the greater part of a century. The writer was a French nobleman, who had a keen eye for the social side of the Congress of Vienna, and collected much entertaining gossip about the illustrious personages who took part in it. While the Congress was carving Europe to gratify the Allies who had overthrown Napoleon, Vienna was the scene of prodigal gaiety. Money flowed like water; it is said that the Emperor Francis spent two millions sterling on his guests; and for months the city was given up to festivities day and night. Crowned heads jostled one another at masked balls; the King of Prussia was seen with a beautiful Neapolitan girl clasping him round the waist. "The clever mask may be an Empress," remarked an observer. "On the other hand, it is quite on the cards that she is merely a grisette who has been smuggled in." Every day the Congress discussed claims both great and small. The Prince of Lucca claimed sovereignty over the Island of Elba, and gravely demanded the ejection of Napoleon. There was a dispute about cheese, and in the middle of it some Brie arrived from France with despatches for Talleyrand. Talleyrand tossed the despatches aside, and submitted the Brie to the Congress. It was forthwith acclaimed as the king of cheeses. We see the little son of Napoleon playing soldiers in the Palace of Schönbrunn, but his mother is never visible. We see Castlereagh trying to dance, and the Prince de Ligne keeping an assignation at the age of eighty. And the revelry and the carving of Europe went on until the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba scattered plenipotentiaries and revellers alike. The book is not remarkable for profound reflection, but it is full of excellent stories.

Mr. Albert Calvert sums up for us in his volume "Bacon and Shakespeare" the arguments that satisfy the best judges in their attitude towards the great controversy. He shows us something of the character of Francis Bacon, and infers that the man who could behave as he did throughout life would not have hesitated to rob a writer of the honours due to him. The moral worthlessness of Bacon confirms Mr. Calvert in the belief that the Bi-Literal Cipher may be a genuine affair enough; but, granting that Dr. Owen and Mrs. Gallup are to be taken seriously, he holds that Bacon's claim to the authorship of the plays cannot be considered for a moment. There have been revelations in plenty. We are threatened with more, but at most they will take the form of *ex parte* statements. Here, in briefest form are the conclusions to which Mr. Calvert arrives, and it may be remarked that he enrolls himself with the best of our modern scholars. The whole controversy is too wide for examination within the limits of a brief note, and there is no need to say more than that Mr. Calvert's book is well written and closely argued, and that the author is not too intolerant of his opponents. Perhaps he would have shown a better judgment if he had omitted to link together Homer, Michael Angelo, and Rudyard Kipling as types of genius, but this is the only comparison in the book that will make the reader's "each particular hair to stand on end, Like quills upon the fretful porcupine," to quote Shakespeare, or Bacon. There are some interesting reproductions in Mr. Calvert's volume, including miniatures of Francis Bacon and the frontispieces to the "Sylvia Sylvarum" and the "Novum Organum." Dr. Owen's Wheel for Deciphering is also shown.

It is only fitting that the life of Sir William Hunter should be written by a Bengal civilian of literary tastes. To a biographer unacquainted with India, many points in the career would hardly have been intelligible, while it is probable that the average Indian civilian would have been a trifle less enthusiastic over his subject than Mr. Skrine. Enthusiasm is an excellent quality in a biographer, but in this case, while it has produced a really interesting book, it has led to the publication of far too many of Hunter's letters—some trivial, some extremely intimate—and it has caused the author to represent his hero as one who was, on account of the jealousy of men in high places, badly treated by the authorities. It is unfortunate that this tone should be taken, for we doubt whether any Indian civilian ever obtained from his Government such exceptional advantages as were bestowed upon Sir William Hunter. His work was brilliant and his energy amazing, but it was work of a very specialised character. He had no district experience except as a junior; and while his editorship of the "Imperial Gazetteer" of India gave him a minute knowledge, more or less at second-hand, of all parts of the peninsula, it most certainly did not, as Mr. Skrine seems to think, qualify him for such posts as the Lieutenant-Governorship of Bengal or a seat on the Indian Council. It is possibly unfortunate, but it is inevitable, that the great prizes of Indian official life should go to men practically trained in administration. But really,

Hunter, from an official point of view, had a very successful life. He was not only allowed to go in extensively for controversial journalism on Indian questions, but he was given, and well paid for, official work which established his literary reputation. He started life as an impecunious student from Glasgow University; he ended it in the delightful house which he built near Cumnor. He had his share of honours and rewards. He had spent a good deal of his service on special duty and high pay in England, and he won a seat on the Viceroy's Legislative Council. His literary work had very great merit. He set himself to write of India and her people in a way to interest English readers, and he succeeded. His "Imperial Gazetteer" is a storehouse of sound learning well put together; his "Annals of Rural Bengal" and "Orissa" reveal corners of India to the Western world. His "Indian Muslims" is a pamphlet of extraordinary vigour and picturesqueness, though it is certainly not the last word on the subject. In a different genre, his "Old Missionary" and "The Thackerays in India" are unsurpassed. Most unhappily, the manuscript materials for his great history of India were lost at sea; he reconsidered his task, and plunged unhesitatingly into a "History of British India." He did not live to complete the second volume. He certainly diffused his energies too much, and journalism gained what literature lost. Sir William Hunter was a charming companion as well as a brilliant writer, and his death was deeply felt by many outside the large circle of his intimate friends. Mr. Skrine's "Life" will interest all whom India interests. Except for occasional lapses into what the cynical might call "gush," it is excellently done.

Literature about sculpture is perhaps in the very nature of the case relatively flat; but in his "Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance" Mr. L. J. Freeman writes with spirit and a certain sense of all-roundness. His little introductory essay, "On the Enjoyment of Sculpture," happily touched as it is here and there, does not long detain the reader from the real stuff of the volume. The sculptors of the Early and of the Late Renaissance are treated in turn, and each period is introduced by a treatise on its own special "characteristics." In viewing the fifteenth-century styles of sculpture, Mr. Freeman has kept constantly in view those of the two other great periods, the Greek of the fifth century B.C., and the mediæval of the thirteenth. Ghiberti, Donatello, Luca Della Robbia—these three names shine out in "the Early Renaissance heavens." Donatello, whose range of realisation distinguishes him from Ghiberti, was equally triumphant with a St. George, an Annunciation, a David, an equestrian statue, or that bronze pulpit in San Lorenzo at Florence, which we reproduce. At times he might overcharge his design with intention; but in life, at any rate, he kept his simplicity—finding "fine clothes unbearable, and a country estate not to be endured." Michael Angelo naturally dominates the part of the volume



THE BRONZE PULPIT BY DONATELLO IN THE CHURCH OF SAN LORENZO, FLORENCE.

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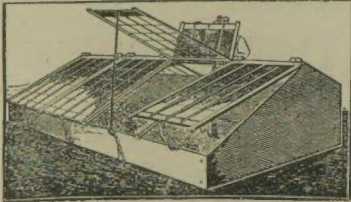
devoted to the Later Renaissance; and here, as elsewhere, the illustrations add greatly to the reader's pleasure in the letterpress. For frontispiece we have the Colleoni equestrian statue by Verrocchio and Leopardi, which illustrates the magnificence of Venetian sculpture, and which, in the opinion of many judges in many nations, ranks first among the all equestrian statues of the modern world.

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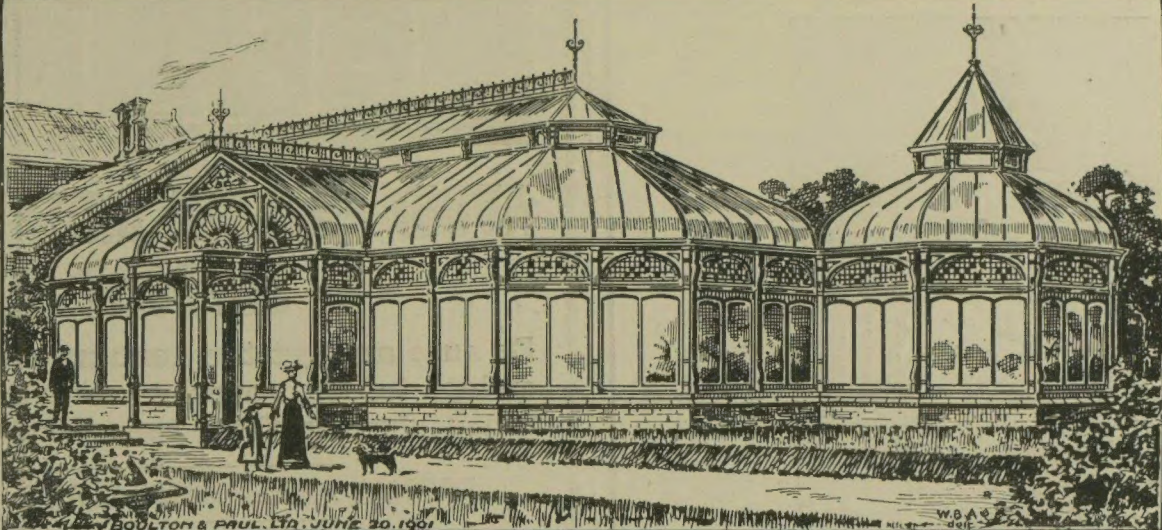
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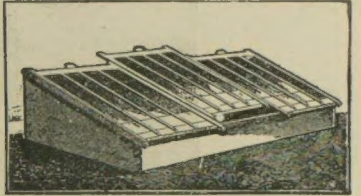


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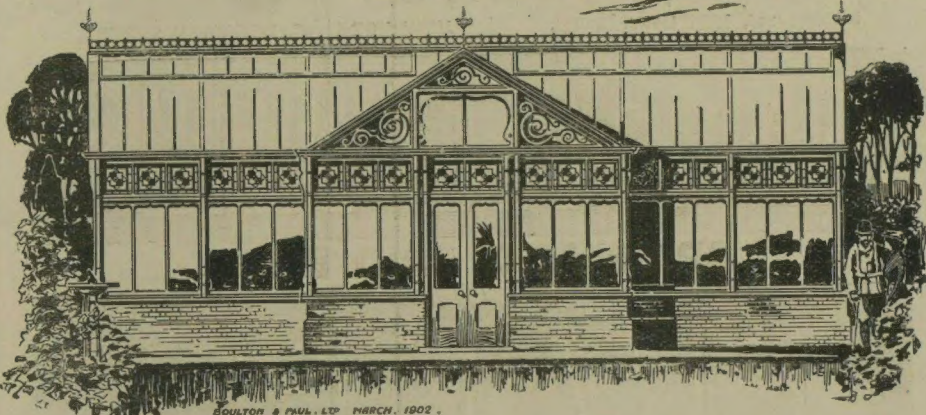
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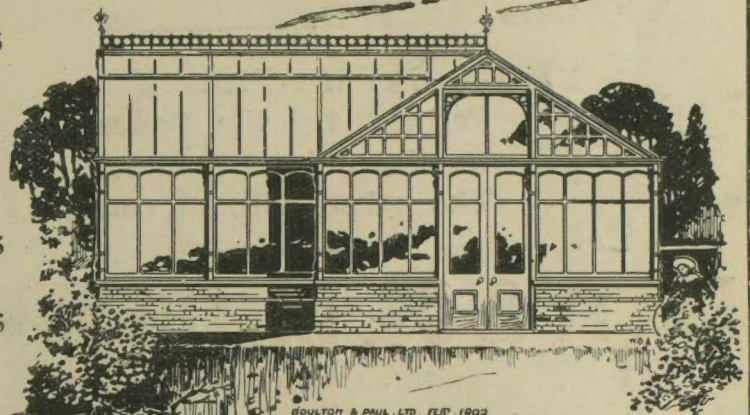
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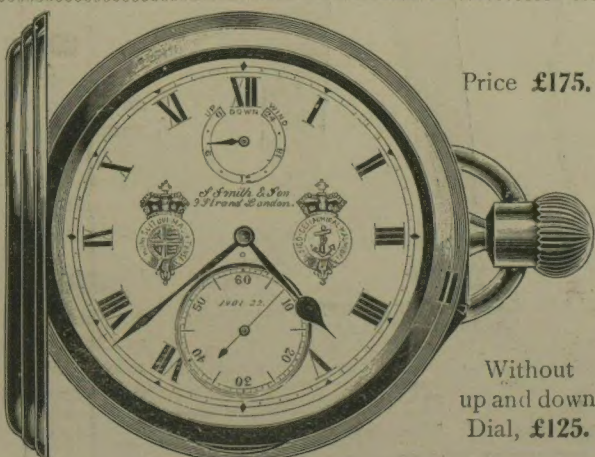
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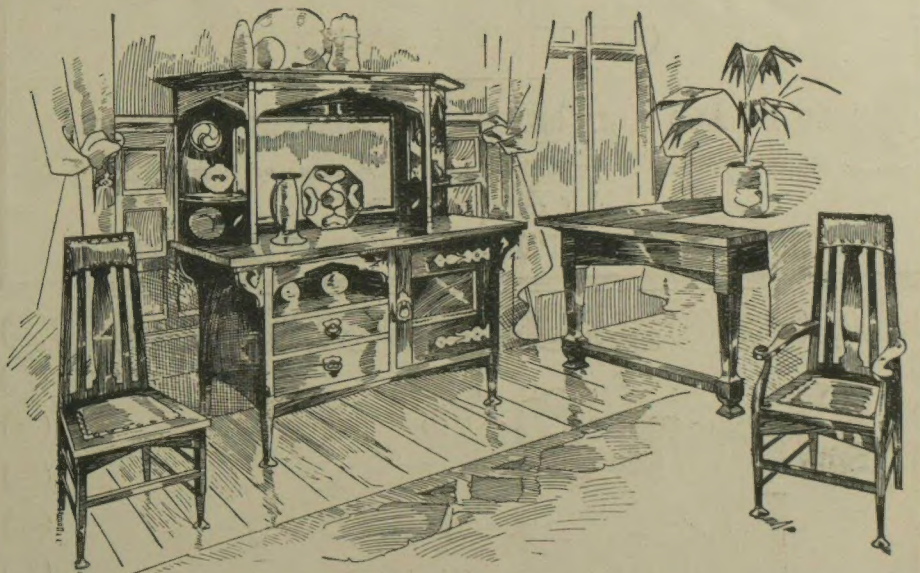
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